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Vol. XXIV. MARCH, 1917 No. 5

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Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXIV MARCH, 1917 No. 5

King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens, and Popes.

IT was in the reign of Henry VIII. that the Bible was first printed in English, and made an open book to the common run of reading people; therefore it seems not improper for me to trace the origin of the Scriptures themselves, and to give you a clear, connected history of their adoption; their almost total loss, their long concealment by the Roman popes, and their final bursting into the light of day.

We are not told that Christ could write, although it is quite reasonable to believe that he did, since his familiarity with the Jewish manuscripts tends to prove that he had been schooled; but, it is certain that he left no writings, for we cannot doubt that any scrap of parchment, with his teaching penned upon it, would have been treasured by his Disciples more jealously than the miser treasures gold.

Neither in the New Testatement nor in the Fathers, is there a hint of anything written by Christ: and the record is equally silent as to the immediate Twelve. Toward the end of the first century after the Crucifixion, there came into use first one Gospel and then another; but the authorship of these is uncertain. It will answer every practical purpose to state, generally, that these Scriptures were read in the primitive churches, copied by devout scribes, quoted by the Fathers, and venerated by the Christian community.

During the second and third centuries, a great increase of these writings took place, and the differences between the various copies became a source of doubt and confusion.

In the 4th century, the number of Scriptures had grown to such an extent, with differences so vast, that the church leaders realized the urgent need of a uniform Bible, officially sanctioned.

Consequently, the Synod of Laodicea —Asia Minor—took jurisdiction over the matter, rejected the writings which you may now read in the "Apocryphal New Testament," and adopted what was called "the 60th Canon," naming the following books for the Old Testament—

Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Esther, Four books of Kings, two of Chronicles, two of Ezra, one hundred

and fifty Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Songs, Job, twelve Prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Baruch, Lamentations, Ezekiel and Daniel.

We do not know what ancient Hebrew manuscripts were examined at the Synod of Laodicea. The received opinion seems to be, that the original Jewish Scriptures had been revised, from time to time, by devout and learned men, but that the final and approved edition—to use our modern term—was edited by Ezra, upon his return from the Babylonian Captivity.

Now, if we will use our common sense, we can easily answer most of the points made against the Old Testament, by such skeptics as Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll, who detect in the narrative anachronisms and contradictions: if we attribute these to Ezra, and not to Moses and other *authors*, the difficulty disappears.

In a famous Essay on Croker's Edition of "Boswell's Johnson," Macaulay demonstrated, with brilliance and wit, the deficiences of *the Editor*: in like manner, many an author has been mangled by translations and editings: is it a sin to believe that the numerous manuscripts, which originally formed what we now know as the Old Testament, suffered at the hands of copyists, editors, and translators?

Even after the Book came to be typed, on graven blocks, errors continued to mar the text, for in one edition we are gravely told, that Adam and Eve made for themselves *breeches*, out of the fig leaves; and, in another, that King David blamed *the printers* for some of his miseries.

(If he had been editing this magazine—but no matter.)

Ezra is said to have completed his work 444 years before Christ; and it is believed that this Hebrew version was the one so frequently referred to by Christ in the Gospels. A translation into Greek was made at Alexandria, in Egypt, during the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. (Called the *Septuagint*, after its seventy translators.)

It is claimed by some scholars that the Jews lost their sacred manuscripts while in slavery, or that their masters destroyed them. It is also claimed that when Ezra undertook the gigantic task of reproduction, he incorporated in his narrative the folk-lore, the legends, the myths, and the superstitions beliefs of the Chaldeans and Babylonians.

Modern research has dug from the tomb of two thousand years the imperishable tablets upon which the Chaldean sages wrote their laws, their traditions, and their fables; and you may now see, in the British Museum, an account of Creation, of Adam and Eve, of the Temptation and Fall, of the Flood, of Moses and the bull rushes, and of the Chaldean Samson, older than the oldest known records of the little Arab tribe which afterwards crossed into Palestine.

It need not disturb your faith, the least bit, to be told by the modern scholar, that Hammurabi was the forerunner of Moses, and that he lived several hundred years earlier than the Jew. Nor need we worry if the Chaldeans had a Genesis, of their own—*who cares?* It doesn't matter to us, what *they* had: the question that concerns us is, What have *we* got?

Let us not do God the injustice to believe, that He ever gave a handful of Jews the monopoly of Heaven and Earth, of Wisdom and Righteousness, of Inspiration and Faith.

Not meaning to be offensive to any one, but merely to illustrate, let me suggest that you ask yourself, *whether the Negroes*, if they had been sent back to Africa, in 1865, *would have carried with them any of the knowledge which they had gained during their long years of bondage in this country?*

Suppose that some Frederick Douglas, or Booker Washington, had removed to Liberia, and had there set himself to compiling the history of the black folk: would it have been possible for him to rid his mind of what he had learned in America?

You cannot believe it. So, if you will remember that Ezra and his brethren reconstituted their Scriptures, *after the return from their long bondage in Babylonia*, you will thoroughly com-

prehend how impossible it was for them to free their minds of Chaldean ideas and beliefs.

The profound scholar, Ernest Renan, says in his book, "The Gospels," that the New Testament first began to be written "about the year 75," at Batanea, "where the brothers of Jesus lived, and where the remnant of the Church of Jerusalem had taken refuge."

The language used was, "Syro-Chaldaic, which was abusively called Hebrew."

"The brothers of Jesus spoke that language," and so did Christ himself.

"It was in Greek that the Gospel was to attain its perfection. . . . It must not be forgotten, however, that the Gospel was first a Syrian book, written in a Semitic language. . . . Hebrew is its basis." (Gospels: p. 51.)

The Synod of Laodicea formed the New Testament by selecting the following books: Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, one Epistle of James, two of Peter, three of John, one of Jude, and fourteen of Paul.

The Revelation of John was not included.

Thirty years later, the Synod of Hippo, in Africa, added to the Old Testament the books of Tobias and the Maccabees: to the New Testament, it added the book of Revelations.

The Canon of Hippo was at first *tentative*, for the Council decreed that "the Church on the other side of the sea shall be consulted."

Thus the Christian official record discloses the fact that, in the year 393 after Christ, the Bible was still subject to discussion, and to alteration by majority vote, in Church-conferences.

(When I was a boy, I used to ask my pious mother, and other severe Christians *how* we got the Bible, but nobody could tell me. In fact, no one seemed willing to talk about it. I was put off with unsatisfying evasions, and soon understood that the subject was not considered fit for agreeable dialogue. Was *your* experience any kin to mine?)

The origin of the Old Latin translation of the New Testament is not known. The latest writer credits it to Antioch, in Syria, but does not name the author. (Hastings' Dict. Article Old Latin Version.)

In making copies, the scribes corrupted the text by errors in words, by thrusting marginal notes into the text, and by mistranslations. So great was the confusion, toward the close of the 4th century, that Bishop Damasus of Rome commissioned the learned monk, Jerome, to prepare a new Bible. Previous versions had been made by private-hands, independently of ecclesiastical authority.

Jerome's Vulgate, as his revision is called, provoked a storm of criticism, and its author was denounced as a heretic. The Old Latin Bible held its ground, and, for two hundred years and more, the Catholic priesthood used two Books, differing from each other materially. Not until the seventh century did Jerome's Vulgate displace the Old Latin; and, by then, the Vulgate had been much changed. Not only had the carelessness of copyists marred the text, but partisan prelates had sacrilegiously altered passages for dogmatic reasons. In other words, *the papists made the Book more popish, as the popes made the Church less Christian.*

On April 8, 1546, the Council of Trent adopted Jerome's Vulgate, but ordered another revision. Pope Sixtus V. issued the first printed edition in 1590, prefaced by a "bull" which threatened eternal damnation to any and all who should afterwards make the slightest change in the text. In 1592, Pope Clement VIII. presumably damned his soul forever, by calling in and destroying the Bible of Sixtus. In its place, Clement issued another edition, different in many verses from its predecessor. To be more precise, the Clementine version differs from the Sixtine "in about *three thousand* places."

(Bukentop, *Lux de Luce* Bk. III., p. 1710.)

This Clementine Bible, with its 3,000 variations from the text which Pope Sixtus had officially stamped as correct,

is today the official version used by the Church of Rome!

The Douay translation (into English) was made from the Sixtine version, *and then altered*, to conform to the three thousand changes made in the Clementine. If prelates truly believed they were dealing with the "Word of God," would they indulge in these fast and loose practices?

(See Rev. Dr. Samuel McComb's "Making of the English Bible:" Appendix. pps. 148, *et seq.*)

In 1454, printing by movable type was invented. This was the year that the Mohammedans captured Constantinople, and scattered Greek fugitives over Europe. These refugees not only brought the Greek language into the West, but many precious literary manuscripts, unknown to Europe since the monkish vandalism that had destroyed the vast library of the Cæsars, and hunted out "the heathen" classics wherever a copy was thought to be hidden away. The coming of the Greeks, was followed by the establishment of academies for the teaching of the language, and a general revival of interest in Grecian science, art, and literature.

In 1516, Erasmus published his New Testament in Greek. This improved translation may have been the inspiration of Tyndale, who was a master of the Grecian language.

Debating with a fellow-Christian, his opponent said—"We had better be without God's laws than the Pope's."

Tyndale answered—"I defy the Pope and all his laws; and if God spare me, I will one day make the boy that drives the plough in England to know more of Scripture than the Pope does."

Recently, there was seen, prominently placed in one of the Italian pope's American periodicals, the following:

THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH IN 735.

Translated by a Catholic Monk.

What follows was first written by Cuthbert a Benedictine monk, a witness to the life and death of the Venerable Bede; and then put in modern English by Cardinal Newman. It shows, that the Catholic Church was not opposed to the people having the Holy Bible in their own language, since translations were made for the purpose of giving the masses an opportunity to read the Holy Scripture in their own English tongue, in England.

Infinite is the capacity of the Catholic layman's undeveloped mind, to accept and assimilate any lie, concocted by his priest.

Having traced the formation and translation of the Bible in the East, and at Rome itself, let us now trace the King James Version of 1611 to its sources.

In Dr. McCombs' book, already cited, we are told (page 129) that, "before Tindale, all attempts to render the Scriptures in the vernacular had been translations from the Vulgate (of Jerome) or older Latin versions, that is, translations from a translation.

From the Anglo-Saxon period we have two *metrical paraphrases*, that of Cædmon (680) of which a single manuscript is preserved in the Bodelian Library, containing *stories from* Genesis, Exodus, Daniel, and from the life of Christ; and that of Ælfric (Archbishop of York in 1023) containing the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Kings, Esther, Job, Judith, and the Maccabees.

Attempts at *literal translations* were confined to the Psalter and the Gospels, and took the form of glossaries, or interlinear translations of older Latin manuscripts.

The most distinguished translation of the Gospels are the Landisfarne Gospels, or Durham Book, in the British Museum.

Here we have a Latin manuscript belonging to the Seventh century. . . . and between the lines of the MS., is an Anglo-Saxon translation made by a priest named Aldred, who lived some three centuries later.

The Venerable Bede, who died about 735, *is said* to have translated the 4th Gospel and other portions of Scripture . . . . but not even a fragment of his work now remains."

"We have, however, a translation of the Decalogue of other fragments of Exodus, and of Acts 25: 23 to 29.

which Alfred the Great prefixed to his code of laws." (Ibid, 130.)

Scan those lines and sum up the net result:

(1.) Before Tyndale, Cædmon had versified parts of the Bible, by paraphrase, and *one copy* of the manuscript was saved:

(2.) The Archbishop of York had turned other portions of the Old Testament into rude poetry, which was copied by hand, and preserved in the monastery:

(3.) Translations proper were written *upon the Latin Mss., either as commentaries, or between lines*: consequently, they could be seen by none except those who had access to the rare manuscripts:

(4.) Bede's doubtful 4th Gospel, "and other portions of Scripture," were never in circulation, and were destroyed, or otherwise lost to the use of laymen:

(5.) Alfred the Great's preface to his manuscript code of laws, the preface consisting of the Ten Commandments, other fragments of Exodus, and 6 verses of Acts.

How do these facts compare with the quoted Catholic statement, that Bede's 4th Gospel "shows that the Catholic Church was not opposed to the people having the Holy Bible in their own languages?"

How very monstrous it is to say, that "translations were made for the purpose of giving *the masses* an opportunity to read the Holy Scriptures in their own English tongue, in England!"

The most willing, swift, and authoritive witness on the popish side, is Sir Thomas More, who died a martyr to his blind obedience to the papacy.

More says, "as for old translations, before Wycliffe's time, they remain lawful and be in some folk's hands."

Exactly so! The Cædmon metrical *version of Old Testament stories* was in some folk's hands, and so was that of Archbishop of York: Bede's 4th Gospel had perhaps been seen by Sir Thomas More, and that fragmentary translation was no doubt in some folk's hands; but *where* were the translations, and *who* were the folks?

Those Mss. were safely locked within the monasteries; and the hands that had held them belonged to the specially favored few who had access to monastic libraries.

Sir Thomas More did not even pretend that translations had been made, *by the church, for the use of the people.*

Continuing, More says, "Myself have seen, and can show you, Bybles fair and olde, in Englyshe, which have been known and seen by the Bishoppe of the diocese, and left in laymanes hands, and womenes."

Precisely so! Known and seen by the Bishop, and left in such laymen's hands, as *the Bishop saw fit to trust.*

Again, Sir Thomas More says in 1530, "The hole byble was long before Wycliffe's days by vertuous and well learned men, translated into the English tong; and by good and godly people with devotion, and soberness, wel and reverently red."

Yes; but *by whom*, and *where?*

Those Bibles were the few manuscript copies hidden away from the masses and jealously guarded in the episcopal palace, the abbey, and the monastery.

Archbishop Cranmer uncovers the real state of the case when, in timorously pleading for the more general use of the Bible, he argues that in the ancient Anglo-Saxon times, the Book was read by the people in their own language, but that "not much more than one hundred years ago" the Scriptures ceased to be read in the common tongue. He distinctly states, that such great changes had been undergone by the language of the English, that the people could no longer read those ancient Saxon Bibles, of which a few copies had been "found lately in olde Abbeyes."

He adds, indeed, that this obsolete version had been turned into "newer language, where of yet also many copies remayne, and be dayly *found*."

The word "found," is significant: we don't use it in connection with books that are common.

Even if it be possible that the copies

of which More and Cranmer spoke were translations of the entire Bible, we must still bear in mind that they were written on parchment, not printed; and were invariably kept in the scanty, locked libraries of Colleges, Abbeys, and a very few wealthy noblemen.

To "the masses," those rare manuscripts were sealed books, for two reasons—

(1.) The common people had no schools, teaching them to read and write, and

(2.) The common people had no access to monastic, collegiate, and aristocratic libraries.

As Dore says in his *Old Bibles*, "it is strange that if the whole Bible had been put into early English, all traces of it should have been lost."

Very strange, indeed!

Either there was no such *entire* version, or it was destroyed, *after the Council of Trent put its ban on Bible reading.* (1565.)

Wycliffe's own statement, in his *De Officio Pastorali*, would seem to prove that More and Cranmer too loosely referred to the partial *paraphrases*, of which mention has heretofore been made: for Wycliffe, a finished scholar, and a truthful man, alleges as a reason for *his* English translation of the whole Book, that "the lords of England" —meaning, of course, the Norman conquerors—"have the Bible *in French*, so it were not against reason that they had the same *in English.*"

If, as More and Cranmer assert, there were many English translations of the entire Scriptures, why should Wycliffe burden himself with the prodigious labor of another vulgar edition?

To copy so huge a volume, is the work of years: to make a translation, is the task of a life-time: is it probable that Wycliffe would have given his toil to a mere *duplication?*

If other English translations were not only in existence, but in the hands of the common people, *why* did his version, and his copies, made by his "poor priests," and put into the hands of "laymanes and womenes"—as Sir Thomas More has it—raise such a storm, that he needed the powerful arms of the Duke of Lancaster to protect him from the rancorous pursuit of the Bishops?

Copies of Wycliffe's whole translation still survive: a copy of Cædman's paraphrase, and copies of York's partial version yet exist: *but what became of those whole Bibles referred to by More and Cranmer?*

Nobody knows: they probably never existed.

In Dr. William Beattie's fascinating "Castles and Abbeys of England," we read about the library in the great and wealthy Leicester Abbey: "From the catalogue it seems rather doubtful whether, in the library of *this religious house*, there might be any *one* complete collection of the Holy Scriptures."

Doubtful as to a rich and renowned Abbey, what think you, is the reasonable conclusion as to whether there was a Bible in the home of the ordinary man?

Dr. Beattie continues: "Supposing that *Biblie*, in the first article" (of the catalogue) "to have included both the Old and the New Testaments, it was a tome, worn and defective."

A vast religious house, ages old, immensely rich, and *supposed* to possess one worn and defective copy of the Bible!

The author quotes Nichols who says, that "those Augustine monks, to whom the *divine oracles in the learned languages* would have been of little use. . . . were not indulged *a translation in English.*"

If the monks of the Abbey were not permitted to have an English translation, is it not supreme folly to contend that laymen were free to use it?

The author cites an official record, in the Consistorial Acts at Rochester, which reveals "*a rigid process against the Precentor of the Priory of that cathedral, for retaining an English Testament.*"

If the priest in charge was prosecuted for having an English Testament, can you wonder that the poor layman was put to death, for the same offense?

Roll back! Roll back, the running

panels of the past, and let us see into the murked, cob-webbed, cowled, and mill-dewed mind of the average orthodox monk of the Middle Ages—those times which, as we lately learn from papal sycophants and romancers, were so flooded with light from classic Greece, conquering Rome, and Apostolic inspiration. Let us read what a papal sycophant of the Middle Ages wrote, *in bitter condemnation of Wycliffe*, his contemporary.

Knighton, a canon of St. Mary-le-Pre, said: "Christ intrusted his gospel *to the clergy and doctors of the church*, to minister it to the laity and weaker sort, according to their exigencies and several occasions; *but this Master John Wycliffe*, BY TRANSLATING IT, *has made it vulgar*, and has laid it more open to the laity, *and even to women who can read*, than it used to be to the most learned of the clergy, and those of the best understanding; *and thus the gospel jewel*, the evangelical feast, is thrown about and *trodden under feet of swine*." Decem. Script. Col. 2644. (Note to page 94. "Castles and Abbeys of England.")

The emphasis in the above is my own, but the language is an exact quotation. In view of it, what becomes of the impudent assertion of such prelates as Abbe Gasquet and Cardinal Gibbons, that the Roman church has never opposed Bible-reading by the laity?

"This Master John Wycliffe" has, by translating the Word into English, made it low, common, cheap, vulgar, accessible to the baser Christians, *and even to women!*

The laity are reading the Scriptures, and it is an awful thing to behold, for the pearl is now trodden under the swine-feet of ordinary Catholics!

Verily, does it require the glib, brazen, resourceful liar to defend the Roman church at the bar of 20th century intelligence.

When the Council of Trent convened, the opinion represented and expressed by the Canon of St. Mary-le-Pre, *was written into the fixed law of the Papacy*, AND IT IS THERE, NOW.

Dr. McComb in his *Making of the English Bible*, says:

"Down to about 1360, the only book of the Bible translated in its entirety was the Psalter. These fragmentary translations, however, prepared the way for the great work of Wycliffe and his followers.

"In his Commentary on the Gospels, Wycliffe makes an earnest plea for a translation of the Bible *for the ordinary people*. He was himself to initiate this great work. . . . .

The whole Bible was thus done into popular speech in 1382. Wycliffe died in 1384."

These Bibles were multiplied by copying and were expensive, (from $150 to $250 a copy,) yet we still have 170 manuscript copies.

Allowing for the difference in the value of money, those Wycliffe copies cost from $1,500 to $2,500 apiece. How many Englishmen, do you think, were able to own one of those Bibles?

With unblushing effrontery, and the most shameless mendacity, the Romanists now contend that the Wycliffe copies were made under the official sanction of the pope!

The very language of Sir Thomas More, quoted to prove that Wycliffe's translation was not the first, absolutely demonstrates the fact that the existence of any prior version in English was not generally known. Otherwise, it would have been unnecessary, and even foolish, for the Lord Chancellor More to offer himself as a witness.

The Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury do not *now* have to give evidence to the existence of English Bibles.

And if the Wycliffe translation had been made under the sanction of the Roman church, Sir Thomas More's attitude toward it would have been devoutly encouraging, instead of rancorously hostile. More's animosity to Wycliffe and to Wycliffe's Bible, forever negatives the recently trumped up Roman pretense, that the translation was officially sanctioned by the Roman church.

(This impudent pretense, which arrives after the Fair, is the invention of the Abbe Gasquet, who is supposed to be engaged in making another Roman

Catholic rendition of the "Word of God." One is tempted to ask, when *will* they quit tinkering with the Bible?)

"The first portion of Holy Scripture printed in the English language was Tyndale's New Testament."

So says J. R. Dore, whose *Old Bibles* is dedicated by permission to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and published by "Her Majesty's Printers," London, 1888.

William Tyndale was educated in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. He quit college at the end of 1521, to become chaplain and tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh.

He resolved upon a translation of the Bible into the common English spoken in his own day. *Why?* Because, as he says in his preface to the Pentateuch, "I perceived by experience how that it was impossible to establish the lay people in any truth, except the Scripture were plainly laid before their eyes in their mother tongue, which things, only, moved me to translate the New Testament."

In other words, he took up his great and most laborious task, in order that the ordinary run of folks might see the Scriptures with their own eyes, and read it in their own vulgar—common—language.

And, like Prometheus of old, Tyndale knew that his daring purpose to bring fire from Heaven for the use and blessing of common mortals might cost him his peace, his liberty, and his life.

In 1523, Tyndale entered the service of Humphrey Monmouth, a rich dry-goods merchant of London. After having been chaplain to Monmouth for about a year, Tyndale passed over to the Continent, where he soon joined Martin Luther at Wittemberg.

At Wittemberg, Tyndale finished his English version of the New Testament, which he had begun in England. Apparently, his sole means of support, was the annual stipend of £10, promised him by the Monmouth and conditioned upon Tyndale's praying for the souls of Monmouth's father and mother.

(The £10 would be expressed in our money as about $48.50. In purchasing power, it may have been equal to $485.00 of current U. S. currency.)

Having gone to Cologne to superintend the printing of his translation, Tyndale was stopped in the midst of his work, by the Senate of that city, which prohibited the publication. This Senatorial persecution was instigated by the Dean of the Church of the Blessed Virgin, at Frankfort, the said Dean being then in exile.

Tyndale fled to Worms, where Peter Schoeffer's press printed the first New Testament ever put into English.

(See Old Bibles: Dore, pps. 21 and 22.)

So furiously did the Roman prelates hate this Book which was "a living letter" to every Englishman who knew how to read, that not one single copy of it now exists in perfect form.

The Bristol library has one, lacking the title-page, and St. Paul's Cathedral has one, yet more imperfect.

These two, only, escaped the wrath of Rome.

The book came from the press, about the end of 1525.

In October, 1526, the Bishop of London issued an official proclamation against the "children of iniquitie," who, "blinded through extreame wickedness," "craftily have translated the New Testament into our English tongue.

Wherefore we . . . command that within 30 days . . . under pain of excommunication and incurring the suspicion of heresie, they do bring in and really deliver to our Vicar-general all and singular such books as contain translation of the New Testament in the English tongue."

Not any specific and erroneous translation: not to be produced for the purposes of revision and correction: but all English translations without exception, and for the purpose of being burnt at St. Paul's Cross!

The dreaded Bishop was obeyed: all English Testaments were produced, and they were destroyed by fire, not one copy having wholly escaped.

In this sacrilege and vandalism, the active allies of the Bishop, were Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Wolsey.

And yet, More had testified, in effect, that his church encouraged the making and the reading of English versions!

What is it, in Romanist education, which so easily leads otherwise upright men to stoop to lies, and dye their hands in the blood of murder?

Sir Thomas More was esteemed an upright man, far ahead of his times in learning and mental speculation; yet, the instant his papist weakness was involved, he became an unscrupulous liar, and a remorseless inflictor of torture and judicial assassination.

In spite of the terrible risks run, the followers and partrons of Tyndale smuggled his Testaments into England, there being among the merchants many strong supporters of the Reformation.

An illustration of how Rome loved the Bible and encouraged the ordinary man to read it, is furnished by the case of the old laborer, Harding, who "was seen reading by a woodside, while his more fashionable neighbors were gone to hear mass. His house was broken open." *Why?* Because it was suspected, that the book he was reading by the woodside was the Bible!

His house was broken open—the same *not* being his castle, because he was suspected of *not* being a papist.

His floor was ripped up, and there "were discovered English books of Holy Scripture."

That was enough!

To the lions! Fling him into prison, condemn him to death on the evidence of having a Bible in his house: send him to the stake, and burn his withered old body to ashes, while diabolical priests look on, gloating at the horrid spectacle.

It was done! That was, *and is*, Rome's way, *whenever and wherever* she can *have* her way.

She was doing just that way in the Philippine Islands, shortly before the natives rose against her under Aguinaldo; and she was doing that way in Mexico in 1895, when, at Texacapa, she burnt to death eight heretics—two of them little children—under the same law that exacted the life of the poor English laborer, Harding, in 1527.

Sir Thomas More railed at those Catholics who were active in circulating English Bibles, calling them "desperate wretches," "sterke heretics," "potheded postels," "naughtee bretherne," and to Tyndale himself, Sir Thomas applied the epithet of "blasphemous beste."

In the tirade against Tyndale, the eminent Sir Thomas saith, that every child which had been christened since Christendom had first begun, had as well not have been christened, if Tyndale's doctrine was correct—which is true, but Sir Thomas argued that dead children, not properly baptized, went to everlasting hell.

That an educated man may be a fine lawyer, and advanced thinker on some lines, while a mere pygmy and besotted bigot on others, is shown by Sir Thomas More's sage crediting to Tyndale's New Testament the wars, pestilence and famine of that epoch. The Lord was punishing mankind for reading His Book!

And, yet, More was the friend of Erasmus, the foremost English intellectual of his day, and the author of *Utopia*, a dream of human progress!

Such enigmas baffle all efforts to solve them: they puzzle and mock us.

Tyndale knew that the emissaries of the pope, of King Henry, of Cardinal Wolsey, and of Sir Thomas More were on his heels, designing to get him back into England, forcibly, in order that they might put him to death. But in spite of this knowledge and the warnings of his friends, he fell into the fatal snare set for him by the agents of Henry VIII. and his council.

Betrayed by a spy whom he had fed at his table and treated as a friend, Tyndale was kidnapped from Antwerp, where he lived, and was imprisoned in the Castle of Vilvord, 24 miles from Antwerp. (May 23, 1535.)

The author of *Old Bibles* is no ardent partisan of Tyndale and other Reformers, and his leaning is often quite the other way, but he usually states the facts, coldly, briefly, and clearly. Let me quote two of his pages, the 40th and 41st:

> Only one document is known to exist in the handwriting of Tyndale; this was

discovered by M. Galesloot in the Archives of the Council of Barbant. This touching letter was written, as its contents will show, during his imprisonment at Vilvorde, and was addressed to the Marjuis of Bergen-op-Zoom, the governor of the castle. The letter was written in Latin, contracted as usual at that period. The handwriting is thoroughly characteristic of the man. The following is a literal translation:—

"I believe, right worshipful, that you are not ignorant of what has been determined concerning me (by the Council of Barbant) therefore I entreat your Lordship and that by the Lord Jesus, that if I am to remain here (in Vilvorde) during the winter, you will request the Procureur to be kind enough to send me from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with a perpetual catarrh, which is considerably increased in the cell, a warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin, also a piece of cloth to patch my leggings; my overcoat has been worn out, my shirts are also worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be kind enough to send it. I have also with him leggings of thicker cloth for putting on above, he also has warmer caps for wearing at night.

"I also wish his permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur, that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study. And in return, may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, before the conclusion of the winter, I shall be patient, abiding the will of God to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, Whose spirit, I pray, may ever direct your heart. Amen.

W. TYNDALE."

Tyndale's imprisonment lasted one year and 135 days, and on Friday, October 6th, 1536, the sentence pronounced by the Court was executed: **Tyndale was strangled,** and his body burnt.

The Court was composed of four members of the Council of Barbant—Godefroid de Meyere, Charles T'Serraets, Jacques Boonen, and Theobald Cotereau, **and four theologians of the University of Louvain.**

The commission was nominated by the Regent, Mary of Hungary, as representative of the Emperor.

Can you imagine a more fearful picture of royal lawlessness and papal ferocity? This poor English scholar had never harmed a human being, had never committed a crime, had lived humbly and done a thousand works of kindness and charity.

In Holland, as a chaplain and literary producer, the King of England has him perfidiously betrayed *by a guest;* an obliging local potentate furnishes the Castle and the dungeon to further the cruel plot: a mixed tribunal of Catholic lords and Catholic priests usurps jurisdiction over this British subject; and they go through the ghastly farce of a trial, in order that the man may be murdered to please the pope and the king!

And that entreaty, which still exists in Tyndale's own writing—is it not truly pathetic?

"Be kind enough to send me, from my goods which he has in his possession, *a warmer cap.*"

For the afflicted scholar was living in a cell, under the Castle, where it was damp, dark, lonely, unhealthy, and he was tortured by neuralgic and catarrhal pains in the head.

"Also a piece of cloth *to patch my leggings.*"

"My shirts are worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, *if he will be kind enough to send it.*"

O ye smug Protestants of today, dallying with Rome's velvet-coated leopard, stroking her glossy coat, and thinking no evil! Give one minute, from the rush of your life, to that poor prisoner in the rock-cell of Vilvorde!

"I also wish his *permission to have a candle* in the evening, for it is wearisome *to sit alone in the dark.*"

Had the prisoner slaughtered men, and violated women?

Had he turned Ishmaelite, and roused the fears of mankind? Had he plotted treason, or conspired the downfall of Society?

His unpardonable crime was that he had forsaken wordly pleasures and selfish aims, to consecrate his life to giving to you and to me that matchless specimen of pure and strong Testament in words drawn "from wells of English undefiled," which found its way into later versions of the Bible, and which will live to the end of time in the King James translation.

Give me "permission to have a candle"—*just one!* for, in the night, "it is wearisome to sit alone *in the dark*."

To me, there are more tears, in those simple words, than Shakespeare drew from the woes of Lear.

"But above all, I entreat and beseech . . . that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible!"

"But . . . I shall be patient, abiding the will of God."

Robert Ingersoll, reading this in the boundless sympathy of his noble heart, might have exclaimed—

"Almost, *thou* persuadest me to be a Christian!"

Poor scholar!—hunted by the mighty, and unknown to the humble; the prey of King and Pope and Princes; hounded by the State, as well as the Church; cast off from the deck, by the Master Mariner, without whose favor no living soul can count his life his own.

King Henry feasts and revels at Hampton Court, the absolutest monarch the West has ever known; sending to the scaffold, with equal ease, the lord of the castle, and the lout of the hut; the heretic who doubts the Eucharist, and the orthodox who doubts the Supremacy; sweeping into his purse the hoarded wealth of the Church, and demanding of the Parliament that *his* written word have the force of Law; arraigning the memory of Thomas Becket *for Treason*, trying the Saint for having been a Sinner, convicting him by default, burning his bones, rifling his relics, stripping his sanctuary, and placing upon the royal thumb the diamond which the saintly Louis VII. of France had bestowed upon the shrine of the saintly Thomas of Canterbury!

King Francis I., and the Emperor Charles V., also walk toward their long homes, with the lofty port and the swagger-strut of the Immortals, using the common man as so much dirt under their feet.

Cities are given and taken, as toys are handled in a ten-cent store; Kingdoms are pawns in dynastic games; and the bargain-counter is a kaleidoscope of changing crowns.

Wars are made on royal caprices, and the fields of battle run red with the blood of common folk, who do not know why they fight—even as it is now, in this year of our Lord, 1917.

His Holiness, Pope Paul III. dwells sumptuously in his palaces of the Lateran and Vatican, *personifying Christ*, as the faithful earnestly believe.

This Farnese pontiff is on *his* way to his long home, likewise, at the time that Tyndale shivers with cold, and groans with pain, in his dark cell in the Castle of Vilvorde.

The Cardinals Trivulzio and Lorraine wrote a description of Papa Paul III., and "it is far, far from gay." They accused him of orgies rivalling those of the debauchees of Pagan Rome: they charged him with incest, naming his sister and his bastard daughter; they said that he had prostituted his sister Wilmelmina to Pope Alexander VI., to save himself from the terrible Borgian wrath; and these accusing Princes of the Church, Trivulzio and Lorraine, declared that if such a man as the Farnese were made pope, the Cardinals who did it would "*deserve to be spit upon by all Christendom.*"

To one of his bastards, Papa Paul III. gave a cardinal's hat at the age of 16: to another, at the age of 14: the names of these promising lads being, respectively, Guy Ascanius Sforza, and Alexander Farnese.

The Cardinals Sadolet, Pole and Badia published a daring report upon the state of the Church; and they did not scruple to allege, that "all the evils from which Christendom then suffered were due to the unmeasured extension of pontifical power." (De-Cormenin: "History of the Popes," p. 204.)

Papal Paul III. held and expressed some extraordinary opinions as to the origin of the Christian religion—opinions prevalent among Atheists, Deists, Agnostics, and Freethinkers, but somewhat inappropriate to the Holy City, the Vatican, and the "Christ veiled in the flesh."

Lest you doubt the facts, I will quote the official report as copied by De-Cormenin:

Alexander Farnese was born in Tuscany, in the city of Carino, of Peter Louis Farnese and Janelle Gaetan. In his youth he had been entrusted to the care of Pomponius Loetus, one of the most learned men in Italy, who initiated him into a knowledge of the ancient authors; Albert Pigglius taught him mathematics, and gave him even notions of astronomy, judicial astrology, and black magic. Farnese excelled in making Latin verses; his letters to Erasmus and his epistles to Cardinal Sadolet, are remarkable for vigour of style and profoundness of thought. Become pope, he proved himself so perfidious, that Mendoza said, in several letters, addressed to Charles the Fifth, that he would rather confide in a greyhound, than in the word of Paul the Third. "He was always shod backwards," adds the Spaniard, "so that one might imagine he was going on, whilst he was turning back. He covered himself with the mantle of piety, when he had a crime to commit, and employed Corsican bullies to rid himself of those who opposed his plans. He regulated all his movements by the conjunctions of the planets, which he consulted in even the most insignificant actions; and when events did not agree with his predictions, he fell into violent bursts of passion, and uttered horrid blasphemies.—He even pushed his impiety so far as to affirm, that Christ was none other than the sun, adored by the Mithriatic sect, and the same God as Jupiter Ammon, represented in paganism under the form of a ram or a lamb. He explained the allegories of his incarnation and resurrection by the parallel which St. Justin had made between Christ and Mithra; that the Bible, like the sacred books of the magic, was produced in the winter solstice, that is, at the moment in which the sun commences to return towards us and increase the duration of our days. He said, that the adoration of the magi was but an imitation of the ceremonies in which the priests of Zoroaster offered to their god, gold, incense, and myrrh, three things consecrated to the God of Light; he objected that the constellation of the Virgin or rather of Isis, which corresponds with this solstice, and which presided over the birth of Mithra, had been also chosen as an allegory of the birth of Christ; which, according to the pope was sufficient to demonstrate that Mithra and Jesus were the same God. He dared to say, that there was no document of irrevocable authenticity, which proved the existence of Christ as a man, and his own conviction was, that he had never existed. Finally, that even the tiara, he maintained was an imitation of the head dress of the Persian sacrilcers. Thus, this abominable pope, who was, however, clothed with a character of infallibility, proclaimed himself a priest of the sun and gloirfied sabeism."

Poor imprisoned, doomed Tyndale, languishing in the living tomb: solitary, sick, nearing an awful death. Fed on crusts, denied a book, left in the darkness, chilled with cold, racked with pain, no peace and escape in prospect, other than by fire, at the stake.

We look at this picture, and then turn our eyes to Hampton Court, to the Chateau of Blois, to the Palace at Brussels, to the Lateran at Rome; and the thoughts which crowd upon the mind are inexpressible.

Henry VIII. and his dynasty ended with Elizabeth, prone upon the floor, old and wretched, sick of life: Francis I. and his Valois line came to inglorious close, when the Jesuits had a knife driven into the bowels of the feeble degenerate, Henry III.: the Emperor Charles, laid off the imperial robes, sank into a monastery, and left his empire to die of Roman Catholic dry-rot: Pope Paul III. fell into fits, and expired in despair, when the son of his bastard renounced his grand-father, because that grand-father, the Pope, had betrayed him to the Emperor, in the heartless game of politics.

If some Sister Spirit, from Above, could have entered the Castle-vault where Tyndale sat alone, in the dark, and whispered comfort to the old scholar, the message might have been like this:

"Be not cast down: do not grieve. The long day is almost done. You have accomplished your work: *it is finished*: and it will live, 'till the flames wrap this planet in their winding-sheet, at the Last.

Dynasties will pass, with the mists of the morning: thrones will topple, and crowns roll in the mire: Popes will drain the bitter dregs of humiliation, and Rome will pretend to humble herself in reform, in order that she may be suffered to exist.

You found the Word a sealed book, hidden away from mankind, forgotten by the multitude, known only by the oracular deliverances of priests, as

were the decrees of mythological gods, as were the texts of the Sybilline Leaves.

You have made the Book a living letter: you have placed it in the hands of men: and it will go on, and on, in the souls of men, until barbaric laws will yield to mercy; until savage punishments will shame the world: until Peoples will rise from their knees, and feel joyously amazed to find, *that every King is a man, and every man a King—every Queen a woman*, AND EVERY WOMAN A QUEEN!

Grieve no more! Those who come after you will bless you—the troubled sinner, oppressed by conscesience; the pure in heart, seeking God; the lowly, needing a friend.

Grieve no more!

A thousand years hence, little children will lisp in the Scriptures you opened, and old men and women—sitting at life's West-windows, gazing tranquilly at the setting sun—will read, once again, for the hundreth time, words of encouragement, of consolation, of hope, of Faith, and will bless—*and pray that God did bless*—the heroic soul that dared the enthroned Jupiters of a Pagan age, and brought down sacred fire from the Lord God Almighty."

Tyndale, the British subject, was condemned under a decree made at *Augsburg*, against "heresy," that is, against sane Christians who could not believe in the lunacies, impostures, and paganism of the Roman Catholic church.

Fastened to the stake, he was strangled and then burnt, his last words, being as heretofore related, "LORD, OPEN THE KING OF ENGLAND'S EYES!"

George Offor, one of the biographers of the Protestant martyr, states that in 1830 he searched the archives at Brussels, but could find nothing relative to Tyndale.

"The only discovery worthy of notice was, that it cost the Government . . . one pound thirteen shillings, to burn a poor Scotchman for heresy." (The sum in our money would be about $8.00.)

In the same year, 1536, King Henry VIII. ordered that the Bible should be placed in all the churches for the free use of the people. Naturally, the printing of the Book was greatly stimulated, and editions multiplied.

"The first complete Bible printed in the English language, was issued October 4th, 1535." (*Old Bibles*: p. 88.)

This was the Miles Coverdale version, made from Jerome's Latin Vulgate, and from Luther's German Bible. Next came the translations of Matthews and Taverner; and then, in 1539, The Great Bible, of which Miles Coverdale was Editor and chief translator. Both the King, and the Archbishop, Cranmer, urged upon the clergy the use of this improved version of the original Coverdale work; and Thomas Cromwell, Vicar-General, ordered "that one book of the whole Bible, of the largest volume in English, should be set up in some convenient place within the church," in order that "your parishioners may most commodiously resort to the same and read it."

(This largest Bible had leaves 15 inches long, and 9 inches broad.)

Stop for a moment and consider:

The reforming Archbishop and the Vicar-General—both judicially murdered afterwards by revengeful Catholics—had to unite their influence and secure from the King a royal proclamation, *commanding the Romish clergy to place the Bible where the Catholic laity could gain access to it!*

In George Offor's *Memoir of William Tyndale*, we read:

"This (The Great Bible)" continued to be the authorized Bible for nearly 30 years.

Such was the amazing zeal of the people to receive the Scriptures, that, before the close of the year 1541, sixteen distinct editions of the whole Bible were printed, each of which consisted of from fifteen to twenty-five hundred copies.

Upon their being set up for public use in the churches, great numbers resorted to read or hear them read, insomuch that the people selected one who had the clearest voice to read for the benefit of the multitude, who resorted to them instead of hearing mass. This gave great offence to

the clergy, and they seriously complained that the service of the mass was interrupted. The bishops placed over these public Bibles, orders and regulations, threatening to remove them unless the strictest decorum was preserved. Those for the diocese of London were to this effect:—

"The Bible is to be read with all devocion, humilitie, and quyetnesse, the reader leuing behynde hym vayne glorye, hypocrisie, and all other carnall and corrupte affections, bring with him discretion, honeste intente, charytie, reuerence, and quyet behauiour; he is not to expound nor to reade with a lowde voyce, and without disputacion." At length, an order was issued that none should read aloud. The King also issued a proclamation to the same effect. Soon after this, Henry became restless and unstable; and the popish party prevailed. Every means was employed to prevent the Bible from being read, and orders were given to the curates to search their parishes for Tyndale's Testaments and his works. . At length, on the 20th of January, 1543, an act of parliament was passed rigorously to suppress all the writings of Tyndale, and to limit the reading of Cranmer's or Coverdale's translations to certain classes of persons. The bill is entitled most strangely, "An act for the eduauncement of true religion, and for the abolishment of the contrary." The original edition printed by Berthelet in 1544, is in my possession, from which the following extracts are made:—"That all manner of bookes of the Old and Newe Testament in Englishe, beinge of the crafty, false, and vntrue translacion of Tyndall, shall be clerely and vtterlie abolished, extinguished, and forbidden to be kept or vsed." The punishment of disobedience was, for the first offence, ten pounds sterling fine, equal to about fifty pounds at the present value of money, and three months' imprisonment for every book; and for the second offence, loss of all the offender's goods, and perpetual imprisonment. Bibles and Testaments not by Tyndale were to have all the prologues and notes cut out. Chaucer's tales, Gower's love stories, songs, plays and interludes are named in the act with full liberty to be read by all persons. The reading of the Scripture is limited to judges, noblemen, captains and justices, who are allowed to read the Bible to their families. "Merchants may read it in private to themselves; but no women or artificers, prentyses, iorneyman, seruyng man of the degrees of yomen or vnder, no husbandman, nor labourers, shall reade wythin this realme the Bible or New Testament in Englyshe to hym self, or to any other priviatly or openly."' A separate clause allows noble women or gentlewomen to read it privately. His highness declares that by lawes dredfull and penall he will purge and clense his realme of all suche books! It is a very extraordinary circumstance, that there is no clause to allow the clergy to read the Bible in English.

The provisions of this act are so monstrous as to need no comment. The wealthy, whose education enabled them to read the Bible in Latin, and who in consequence could not be prevented from reading it, were permitted to use it in English; but the millions of unlettered souls were not to have the gospel, but to be shut up in the darkness of ignorance. The system which required such a law to support it, loved darkness because it was evil.

As age crept on, Henry became peevish, restless, and wretched, and was guided by the enemies to the Bible. In July, 1547, he issued a sweeping proclamation against Coverdale's Bible, Tyndale's Bible and Testament, and all the works of Coverdale, Tyndale, Barnes, Joye, Roy, and others of that persuasion. Among the works of Tyndale, is specified, "The Parable and Complaynte of the Plowman unto Christe." This tract must be exceedingly rare, since it has escaped all the researches of our bibliographers. Every person who kept a copy or portion of a copy of any of these books, was to be punished as a heretic.

In those trying times, when the bread of life was eaten in secret, the poor deeply felt the privation. Thus a labourer wrote in a book, "On the invention of things, at Oxforde the year 1546 browt down to Seynbury by John Darbye, price 14d When I kepe Mr. Letymers shype I bout this boke, when the Testament was aberagatyn, that shepherdys might not red hit: I pray God amende that blyndnes. Wryt by Robert Wyllyams, keppynge shepe vppon Seynbury Hill." The prayer of this pious shepherd was soon fulfilled.

Before I close this memoir, it may be proper to remark, that it is not possible to identify Tyndale with any of the little detachments of Christians called sects, the whole of which form the Christian army. These differences have at all times existed, both in the Jewish, the Roman Catholic, the Greek, and the Protestant churches: whether they be called Pharisees, Dominicans, Calvinists, Sadducees, Franciscans, Arminians, or by any other term. Tyndale's time was so fully occupied in defending the great principles of Christianity, that his sentiments upon what are called non-essentials cannot be ascertained. This is certain, that he most justly conceived the church of Christ to consist of all those who from conviction and affection received the gospel, and proved their sincerity by strict morality and amiable conduct; all those who were obedient unto faith, and considered Christ to be the sole head of his universal church.

The republication of this volume, formerly prohibited under the severest penalties, is not merely intended to gratify the antiquary or the philologist, but to promote and assist researches after divine

truth. The severest trials of our forefathers have secured to us extensive privileges: they sowed the seed with tears; we are reaping the harvest with joy. They immortalized their names by having, through sufferings almost inconceivable, given to us the inspired volume. And be it our glory to send this heavenly gift to the uttermost parts of the earth; until its triumphs shall be completed by exterminating war, slavery, and all other evils, and by disposing every human being to seek the glory of God, in promoting peace on earth and good-will towards his fellow men. GEORGE OFFOR."

36, Trinity-Square, Tower,
April 30, 1836.

(Introductory to a new edition of Tyndale's New Testament.)

At what prices could the printed Bible be had in the middle of the 16th century? We learn that "Anthony Marler, a merchant of London, was authorized to sell at 10 shillings a copy unbound, and 12 shillings bound."

In our money, and at the present day, those sums would be about $25 and $30 respectively. However, completion must have lowered the cost, for we find in 1540 a Church warden's book this entry:

"Paid 5s. 4d. for a new booke called a Bybyll: Paid 8d. for a chaine for fastenynge the said booke." ("Bookworm:" 2nd series, p. 83.)

Note the exquisite delicacy of touch in the Church-warden: he has officially paid, out of the sacred funds entrusted to him, something more than $13 of our money—present value—"for a *new* booke, called a Bybyll."

As who should say, "I have gone and bought another outlandish wild animal for the menagerie."

Then, for fear the new acquisition will break bounds and escape, the Church-warden buys a chain to securely hold it!

Still, we can quote Sir Thomas More to prove the commonness of English Bibles!

In the Bookworm, pages 373 and 4, you may read of the wood-blocks dated 1540, and bought at Nuremburg, about 1830, by Mr. Sams, of Darlington, England.

These blocks were made for an edition of The Poor Man's Bible, so popular in the Middle Ages.

The author says, "The text has been selected from Wycliffe's translation, as being *the only English version commonly known, at the period the blocks were engraved.*"

In 1877, an edition of the Book was run off from those medieval blocks, and in 1884, *another*. A reproduction from the quaint engraving of the Nativity, made by the unknown medieval artist, appears as Frontispiece to *The Bookworm*.

(Armstrong & Son, New York. 1890.)

(To be Continued.)

Female Convents.

By Mr. de Potter.

SECRETS

OF

FEMALE CONVENTS

DISCLOSED.

CHAPTER I.

Scipio de Ricci studies among the Jesuits.—His Renunciation of the Principles of that Society.—His Ordination as Priest.—He inherits the Property of the last General of the Jesuits.—Suppression of the Order, and Confinement of the Ex-General at Rome.—Death of Pope Ganganelli.—Narrative proving that Pope to have been poisoned.

Scipio de Ricci was born in Florence on the 9th of January, 1741. He was the third son of the senator president, Peter Francis de Ricci, and of Maria Louisa, daughter of Bettian Ricasoli, baron of La Trappola, and captain of the Swiss guard in the service of the Duke of Tuscany.

His family, one of the most ancient and distinguished in Tuscany, was not at that time in favor with the House of Lorraine, who had been but recently seated on the Grand Ducal throne. His grandfather had professed republican principles, and his uncle had taken the side of the Bourbons against the House of Austria. They were too proud to seek for court favor under these circumstances, and looked for preferment to other quarters. Young Ricci, who had lost his father, was therefore sent by his uncles to Rome, at the age of fifteen; and, in spite of the protestations of his mother, and of the priest who had hitherto directed his studies, a man in his principles of religion and moraality strongly opposed to Jesuitism, he was put under the care of the Jesuits.

Catholic Europe was at that time occupied with the quarrels of that too famous body. Its insatiable ambition, its immense riches, terrifying power, the information diffused among its members, the great men of all kinds which it had produced and was every day producing, its doctrines subversive of the independence of governments and the morality of the people,—all these characteristics had divided the Roman communion into obstinate partisans of its system and its existence, already attacked on all sides, and into adversaries who thought only of its destruction. Scipio de Ricci had been bred in the very bosom of the order and by its members, and he had been initiated in their maxims, of which he knew the very smallest details; but he was surrounded on the other side by the many antagonists which it had raised even in the metropolis of Catholicism. It was not long before he ranged himself among the most zealous and enlightened of those who hastened, with all their

efforts and all their wishes, to promote the dissolution of this formidable society; and who never ceased to pursue its remains, and mark out its spirit, as often as they thought there was any danger of a revival of the evil which it had caused to the great Christian community.

Ricci was superstitious. While he was among the Jesuits, a tumor, which resisted all the remedies of art, appeared upon his knee. An amputation was decided upon; when, as he informs us, he applied with fervor and constancy to the diseased part an image, representing the venerable Hyppolito Galantina, one of the brothers, called Bachettoni, and he was completely cured. Strange contradiction in the human mind! that such ideas should co-exist in the same head with the rational ,true, and solid principles, which made Ricci afterwards, to a certain extent, a religious reformer, a wise citizen, a zealous patriot, and a friend of the arts, literature, and humanity.

In the house of the Canon Bottari, who was regarded by the Jesuits as the chief of those who were accused of Jansenism, this miracle took place. The Canon made his own use of it; and his conversation and that of the persons who frequented his house, cured Ricci of the ideas he had formed concerning the sanctity and doctrine, which he confesses up to that time he had allowed in the highest degree, and almost exclusively to the Jesuits.

What he learned among these fathers did not tend less to prepare him for the aversion he was doomed to feel for them hereafter, than what he had heard from their adversaries. The Irish Jesuit who was charged with teaching him the precious art of reasoning, taught him nothing but a sophistical and captious logic—the sole end of which was "among a thousand useless questions and logomachies without number, to take for granted in all their extent, and in all the clearness of which they were susceptible, the fundamental principles of *molinism* and *congruism*, by means of the ideas of the *medial science;* that is, of the means by which God sees *conditional futures*." It would be useless to explain this jargon. In the middle of his course he took a fancy to become a Jesuit, and consulted his family on the subject. He embraced the idea in order to prepare himself for a place in the other world, believing that this had been promised in a prophecy of Francis Borgia, to all members of the Society of Jesus. "A man," says he, "desirous of his eternal welfare would not neglect a passport of this nature; and I had not the information necessary to perceive the vanity and nullity of such a pledge."

The answer of his relatives was an order to return immediately to Florence. His mother had no partiality for the Jesuits; and his uncles, whose ambition it was that he should rise to the highest dignities of the church, neglected nothing to hinder him from burying himself, with such hopes, in the den of a cloister. Scarcely had Ricci returned into Tuscany, in 1758, before he forgot his vocation, and thought of nothing but concluding his studies at the university of Pisa, to which he was sent.

He pursued a course of theology at Florence, under the Benedictines of Mount Cassino, among whom P. Buonamici was at that time lecturer. He then became a Jansenist, or rather Augustinian. The sectaries of that name frequently join to their speculative and indifferent dogmas, the active and very important quality of being what is called *regalists*—that is, they make of religion what it really

is, a matter of conscience, and leave the care of government to those who are charged with it. Augustin did not preach this doctrine any more than the other Christian writers of his time, who could not even doubt the horrible abuses which must in the course of ages arise from the infernal confusion of the temporal with the spiritual power. But the Jesuits had made themselves *decretalists*, that is to say, they were the apostles of these abuses; and the Jansenists were obliged to combat these errors not only with the body which sustained them, but with the Popes, for whose particular advantage they were calculated. It was only gradually that these sectaries came to the degree of hardihood requisite openly to affront the prejudices so solidly established on the superstitious habits of the one party, and the interested ambition of the other. Ricci, who in the course of his life ran round the whole circle of Jansenism, complains of it in these terms: "In the course of theology, the doctrine of Augustin was maintained with the greatest vigor; but the respect which they still had for certain decretals, and the fear of offending the Court of Rome, did not permit the Benedictines to say all that perhaps they thought, but which circumstances compelled them to keep silent."

Ricci was ordained priest in 1766, and appointed almost immediately canon and auditor to the nunciature of Tuscany.

In 1772, he inherited the property of Corso de Ricci, canon-penitentiary of the cathedral at Florence, a relative of his father; and though the brother of the last General of the Jesuits, he was very much opposed to the morality which they taught.

This circumstance brought Ricci in contact with the General of the Jesuits. After the suppression of the society, the General begged from him an asylum in his hotel at Florence, or in one of his country houses in Tuscany, for himself and a lay-brother. Ricci went to Poggio-Imperiale, to communicate the request to the Grand Duke Leopold, who said at once, "Let him come; it is of no consequence to me whether he sojourns in my States or elsewhere; but," added he laughing, "I don't think they will let him go." This answer he communicated to his relation, but the General was not allowed to take advantage of it. He was at first confined in the English college, under the care of Cardinal Andrew Corsini, and of Signor Foggini; but the congregation of Cardinals transferred him to the Castle of Angelo, where he underwent many examinations, and where without leaving it, he died. The death of the Pope who had suppressed the order, had preceded his. Ricci adds his testimony, that he was poisoned. Among his papers was found the following curious and interesting document.

"Narrative describing the last illness and death of Pope Clement XIV., sent by the Spanish Minister to his Court.

"In 1770, a country girl of Valentino, whose name was Bernadine Beruzzi, first began to spread her predictions respecting the Jesuits. There were a great number of other prophecies afloat, by means of which that society endeavored to rouse the superstition of the multitude for the evident purpose of restraining Clement XIV. from issuing the fatal decree of suppression. This Bernadine became notorious by her impostures. She predicted that the Society would not be extinguished; that one of its most celebrated members would be raised to the purple by Clement XIV. himself; that the

Jesuits would in a short time be restored to the states from which they had been expelled; that the Pope would undergo a total change of sentiments towards them; with a variety of other falsities. On the 24th of March this deluded prophetess announced the death of Clement XIV., and persisted in repeating the false intelligence, until after being convinced that he was still alive, she returned to her predictions respecting the honors and favors prepared for the Jesuit. After the suppression of the society in August 1773, the prophecies still went on, in an altered tone; that the society would be re-established; and that the Pope and all those who had assisted him would die. Various punishments were denounced against them. The real propagators of these predictions were some Jesuits who systematically employed themselves in that object: *applica ut fiat systema* is a phrase used in a letter by these fanatics.

"Notwithstanding these rumors, the Pope lived in health and quiet more than eight months after the society had been abolished, though he always suspected the intrigues of the Jesuits, and mentioned his apprehensions. He resigned himself to the care of the Almighty, to whom he willingly offered himself a sacrifice, since, in suppressing the Jesuits, he had done what appeared to him absolutely necessary and just, after numerous and fervent prayers addressed to Heaven.

"The Pope was of a robust habit; his voice was strong and sonorous; he walked with the agility of a young man; his disposition was gay, and he carried his affability so far, that some persons considered him too familiar. His penetration was so quick, that a single word was sufficient to make him perceive the object and the end of a discourse addressed to him; he enjoyed a good appetite, and slept regularly every night. One day in the Holy Week of the year 1774, at the conclusion of dinner, Clement XIV. felt a great uneasiness of the chest, stomach, and intestines, accompanied with a chill. The first evil symptom which showed itself was a weakness of voice, indicating some extraordinary kind of catarrh; in consequence of which it was resolved, that during divine service on Easter Day, the Pope's seat should be guarded against the cold air. Everybody present observed the change in his voice. An inflammation of the mouth and throat soon succeeded, and gave him a great deal of pain, obliging him to keep his mouth almost always open. Then followed vomitings at intervals, with excessive pains in the bowels, renal obstruction, and a gradual weakness in the body and legs; so that he lost his sleep, and with it his alacrity in walking. He concealed these indications, though there is no doubt that he had resorted to the use of antidotes to the poison which he was persuaded had been administered to him. The Pope continued in this state during the months of May, June, and July, concealing the decay of his strength and his other symptoms, whilst a rumor was gaining ground that he could not long survive. Some persons went so far as to appoint the 16th of July as the day of his death; and after that time had passed over, October was fixed upon, in conformity with letters from Germany and other parts.

"In July he began the use of medicinal waters, which it was his annual custom to drink. It was remarked that this year his usual eruption, an acrid humor, did not come to his relief, in sufficient abundance, till the beginning of August; and he continued the habit of holding his mouth open, suffering also from weakness and the sore throat, together with excessive perspirations. He gave

audiences to the ministers towards the end of August, notwithstanding the pain and feebleness occasioned by his illness, which had deprived him of his natural cheerfulness and affability; so that it required the united force of a cultivated understanding and a pious temper, to moderate the pressure of his bodily infirmities, and to restore his habitual urbanity. At this juncture a letter was received by the Secretary for the "Affairs of Jesuits," from the Vicar-general of Padua, informing him that some ex-jesuits had appeared before him, and had indulged in the most violent imprecations against the Pope, asserting that the month of September would terminate his existence.

"An engraving was also published in Germany, exhibiting, on the left hand the figure of Death, with the likeness of Christ on a flag: on the right side was a staff, supporting a sort of tabernacle, in which was represented an ex-jesuit, dressed in the habiliments of a secular priest. At the top were the letters IHS, and at the bottom, the inscription *Sic finis erit!* Behold the end! There were, besides, some German verses, declaring that although the Jesuits had been compelled to alter their dress, they never would change their opinions, and immediately afterwards, the following text from 1 Kings, xxxv. 18.—qVoD bonVM est, in oCVLIs sVIs faCIet. The letters printed in capitals, when joined together, give the number MDCCLVVVVIIII, 1774, the year in which Clement died.

"A fever supervened to those symptoms. This happened on the evening of the 10th September. It was accompanied by a sort of fainting, and an excess of debility, which seemed to threaten the speedy extinction of life. Ten ounces of blood were taken from him the same night, without any sign of inflammation; nor did his breathing, his chest, nor his bowels, give any cause for alarm. The coagulation of the blood took place in a satisfactory manner, notwithstanding the declared opinion of his physician, that the complaint arose from a deficiency of serum, caused by the profuse perspirations he had undergone. He was free from fever on the morning of the 11th, and continued so during the whole day; he had so much recovered on the 12th, that he took his usual walk on the 14th and 15th, and even thought himself equal to the fatigue of going to the Castel Gandolfo, where he seemed to enjoy the prospect of spending his time in the country, according to his custom at that season.

"But on the 15th he lapsed into his former weakness, to which was added a deep sleep, night and day, till the 18th, when he awoke for a few minutes. On the 19th it was perceived that he had fever, together with a swelling of the abdomen and retention of water. Some blood was taken from him, which, however, gave no sign of inflammation. Besides which, the bowels, when pressed, caused him no uneasiness, and his breathing and chest were perfectly unencumbered. An access of fever in the evening made it necessary to repeat the bleeding, and the same operation was renewed on the 20th, although the pulse had become softer, and the swelling had abated. But the inflammation returned in the evening, and the hope of his amendment had so far disappeared, as to make it appear proper to present him with the viaticum.

"He passed a night of great agitation. On the 21st he was bled again. The fever, the swelling, and the retention still continued. At length the extreme unction was administered to him that evening, and about half past seven o'clock, on the morning of the 22d

September, 1774, he surrendered his soul into the hands of its Author.

"About the same hour on the succeeding day, they proceeded to open and embalm the body, when the countenance was livid, the lips and nails were black, and the back had assumed a dark complexion. The abdomen was swelled, and the whole body emaciated, with a sort of cedar color approaching to the appearance of ashes, but which, nevertheless, allowed here and there to be seen some livid spots beneath the skin about the arms, the sides, and the lower extremities.

"On dissection, it was discovered that inflammation and gangrene had commenced in the left lobe of the lungs, adhering to the pleura; the opposite lobe was also inflamed. They were both loaded with blood; and when the knife was put into them a sanguineous discharge took place. The pericardium was opened, and the heart was diminished in size by the total want of those humors which are found in that membrane. Beneath the diaphragm, the stomach and intestines were in the last stage of mortification. The œsophagus was inflamed throughout its whole interior, as far as the pylorus and the small intestines, with an evident tendency to gangrene, as well as the upper and lower divisions of the stomach; and all these parts, as well as the intestines, were covered over with a fluid which the physicians call black bile. The liver was small, and in its upper portion contained some particles of serum; the gall-bag was unusually distended, and was observel to contain a great quantity of atrabilious fluid; a large deposit of lymph had also taken place in the cavity of the belly; the dura mater was swelled, but presented no remarkable appearance in itself, except that of flaccidity. The intestines and viscera were placed in a vase, which burst open about an hour after sunset, filling the chamber with an insufferable stench, notwithstanding the embalming had only been finished a few hours before. On the next morning, 24th September, it was discovered necessary to call in a physician; he found the smell unabated, the countenance swelled and discolored, and the hands quite black. On the back of the hands bladders had risen as high as two fingers, running across each other, and filled with lixivial matter, as if blistered with some boiling or ardent fluid.

"Besides this, a great quantity of serous humor, mixed with clotted blood, trickled down the lower side of the bed, and spread profusely over the floor. This circumstance very much surprised the professional attendants, especially considering that life had not been extinct four-and-twenty hours, and that every precaution had been resorted to, by cleansing the body and removing the viscera, as well as by embalming. It was consequently proposed to enclose the body in a coffin, but the master of the house suggested that such a step was likely to have a bad effect upon the public mind, and prevailed upon them to be satisfied with such means as their art afforded. The pontifical habiliments, when removed, carried away with them a large portion of the *skin* and even of the *cutis*. The thumb nail on the right hand was detached, and on trying the other, every person present was convinced that the slightest movement was sufficient to separate all the nails in succession.

"In the dorsal region all the muscles were disunited and decomposed to such a degree, that towards the middle of the back and by the side of the spine, for the size of three fingers, there was

found a large lump formed of the supercostal and intercostal muscles—on making two incisions the embalming was seen entire in the chest.

"Except on the legs and thighs, a sort of breaking out was observed all over the body. Various additional precautions were employed, and the incisions that were made caused a discharge of fluid which had the appearance of bubbles.

"It was also remarked, that a great part of the hair of the head had adhered to the pillow; and, in short, notwithstanding the body was embalmed afresh, and every endeavor was made by the assistants, it was found absolutely necessary to enclose it, after its removal to St. Peter's, in spite of the suspicious caution with which the medical examiners expressed themselves. Many of the circumstances here related were rumored throughout Rome; and the people were shocked to the last degree, by the full persuasion that the Pope had been poisooned by means of the Acquetta, which is made in Calabria and Perugia, and which has the property of destroying life in the gradual manner I have described.

"Intelligent persons compared together the various prophecies which had been set afloat. In addition to which, we must bear in mind the false reports, the engravings, the threats, the internal commotion that seized Clement XIV., the inflammation of his throat and mouth, the gradual decay of his strength, the chill, the swelling of the belly, the renal obstruction, the hoarseness, the vomitings, and, finally, the livid discoloration of the flesh and nails, the loss of their tenacity, and that of his hair, the dry state of the heart, and the other symptoms. After all these facts, it seems hardly conceivable that an inflammatory disorder, as the physicians named it, without some violent cause, should leave the blood without any indication of fever during nine successive days. Those persons thought themselves authorized in applying to the case of Clement XIV. the distinguishing signs of poison, pointed out by Paul Zacchia, a celebrated Roman physician."

CHAPTER II.

Pius VI. elected Pope.—Ricci refuses to enter into the Prelacy.—Correspondence of Ricci with the last General of the Jesuits.—Trial of the ex-General, and his Protestations of Innocence.—Ricci appointed Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Florence.—Efforts of the Grand Duke Leopold for the diffusion of Knowledge, and the oppression of the See of Rome.

Angelo Braschi ascended the pontifical throne upon the death of Ganganelli. He owed his fortune to the General of the Jesuits, who had obtained for him the situation of Treasurer of the Court of Rome, under the reign of Clement XIII.; but he could not do any thing for the society, or its imprisoned chief. It is supposed that the Bourbon princes, before the dissolution of the Conclave, obtained from him a promise to that effect. When it was discovered that he was on the eve of publishing a decree, by which he annulled all the acts and rescripts granted by the deceased Pontiff, on the ground that the weakness of his intellect afforded opportunities of abusing his signature, these courts took the precaution of having the [illegible] last months specified. By this means, they hindered the

epoch of the Brief of Suppression from being comprised in this measure, as might have been the case, if an indeterminate or too long a period had been named.

Ricci went to Rome in 1775, to attend to the rejoicing consequent on the exaltation of the new Pope. His relation to the ex-general, the friendship of the Tuscan cardinal, Torrigiani, who was devoted to the Jesuits, his reputation for moderation and impartiality, which he had attained by his prudence in not taking any part in a quarrel then so important, caused him to be requested to enter into the prelacy. He resisted the temptation, giving these reasons for his disinclination: "I saw the danger of such a career, and having well examined the intrigues and cabals of the Court of Rome, I perceived that no where so much as there, is the possibility of continuing to be an honest man incompatible with the idea of what is called making one's fortune, and rising to elevated situations. If any one has succeeded there in preserving his honor, and remaining a Christian, after having entered into the career of the prelacy, he is the *rara avis in terris*. I made a resolution not even to think of it. So great a horror had I conceived for the *tricks and dissimulation which I saw openly practised in the prelacy*, that I could not conceal from my friends the disgust which I felt, at seeing the vileness and the courtier-like adulations to which they were compelled to debase themselves." This is said by a zealous Roman Catholic, and a prelate.

Ricci, during his stay at Rome, applied for liberty to see his confined relative; but in vain. In the course of the interview which he obtained with the Pope, Pius VI. could not conceal his chagrin at the ecclesiastical reforms carrying on by the House of Austria, and by Leopold. He then referred the matter of his request to Cardinal Girand, who refused the required permission. But, in spite of all their precautions, Ricci contrived to carry on a correspondence with the General, by means of a soldier named Serafini, who was his guard; and, through his agency, he received from his unfortunate relative a copy of his examination at the Castle of Angelo. Those documents furnish authentic evidence of the pertinacity with which the last leader of that formidable body denied the crimes imputed to himself and his society. His imprisonment only terminated with his life.

The death of the ex-General of the Jesuits took place at the Castle of Angelo, in November, 1775. His confidence in his relative Scipio de Ricci appears to have been unbounded, if we may judge from the duty which he imposed upon him by his dying wish, that Ricci would recommend him to the Almighty by as many masses as he could say, seeing that he was deprived of about 22,000, which would have been performed had he expired as General of the Society of Jesuits.

After his visit to Rome, in 1775, Ricci returned to Florence. He had scarcely arrived, when he was made Vicar-General, and Vicar *ad causas* to the Archbishop Incontri. This prelate had been formerly an enemy to the Jesuits; but of late years he was one of their party. About the time when Ricci was created Vicar-General, he had given the liberty to the suppressed Jesuits to preach and confess; but their seditious behavior awoke the attention of the Government, and the Prince, by a letter to the bishops, adopted the circular of Clement XIV., by which these duties had been forbidden to the Jesuits.

In his new situation, Ricci soon displayed his Jansenist principles. At that period Rome saw with great displeasure the Grand Duke applying himself entirely to encourage education, and to destory the reign of ignorance, which she had consolidated under her false pretensions. She opposed his views as much as she could; endeavored to put down the obnoxious catechism of Colbert, to stop the printing of the Ecclesiastical History of Racine, under the auspices of the Government; and made efforts to check an edition of Machiavel.

Among the services rendered by the Jansenists to philosophy, one of the most important was their contending for liberty of thought and writing. The publication of those writings in Tuscany was a benefit, so far as it sapped the despotism of the priesthood, and was a victory over that redoubtable power, of which it was above all necessary to destroy the reputation of being invincible. A daring publication of Machiavel, that inflexible historian of the Popes and their court, whom Rome has particularly prohibited, and the free reading of whose works proved the contempt entertained of the Pontifical index—this act alone was a benefit to the world.

CHAPTER III.

Elevation of Scipio de Ricci to the Bishopric of Pistoria and Prato.—Discontent of the Pope at the Ecclesiastical Reforms of the Grand Duke Leopold.—Differences between the Civil and Spiritual Government of Tuscany, previous to the accession of Leopold.—The Senator Rucellai labors to free Tuscany from the despotism of the Court of Rome.—His Memoir on the famous Bull In Cœna Domini.

In 1780, the destiny of Ricci was changed by the death of Ippolite, Bishop of Pistoia. Ricci had no desire to undertake the labors of the Episcopal office, but he was in a manner forced to do so by his friends. He was received very flatteringly by the Pope, who, however, could not avoid repeating frequently: "Your Grand Duke will have to render an account to God, for so many of his actions which are hurtful to the Church." Ricci replied, "that he hoped he should always enjoy from the Duke full protection in favor of religion, and that he did not believe him capable of doing any thing against the interests of the Catholic Church." But the Pope would not be persuaded, and added in a grave tone, "You are young, but in time you will see it!" and with these words he dismissed him.

Before we proceed to the very curious and interesting details of the ecclesiastical abuses which Ricci was the great instrument in detecting, and of the reforms which he labored to establish, in opposition to the Court of Rome, amongst a corrupt and depraved priesthood, it may assist the reader to collect, into one view, the History of the Ecclesiastical Reforms in Tuscany, which preceded the election of Ricci to the Bishopric of Pistoia and Prato.

The Medici had always been very desirous of the friendship of the Court of Rome, and had made it the principal object of their ambition to possess influence with it. The election of the Popes, in their time, had, in consequence, almost always depended on the will of that family; and all the Catholic princes, who had any points of

importance to carry with the See of Rome, regularly endeavored to secure its good-will. In return for that species of glory, the Medici permitted the Popes to exercise an extensive authority in Tuscany.

The Emperor Francis followed the same course in the beginning of his reign; but in a short time Count Richecourt was sent from Vienna, to put himself at the head of the Regency, and to govern Tuscany. Powerfully aided by Senator Rucellai, Secretary of the Jurisdiction, or Rights of the Crown, a species of minister for affairs connected with the Catholic worship—a man distinguished for his learning, his integrity, his firmness, and his zeal for the Government—Richecourt resisted every attempt at usurpation on the part of the Court of Rome, and opposed without intermission its iniquitous pretensions. From that moment the two courts were at open war.

The first rupture which took place between them arose from the acquisitions of property in mortmain, which had been strictly forbidden, without the express permission of Government, by a law published in 1751. The Counsellor of State, Pompee Neri, and Senator Rucellai, accompanied the publication of this law with *instructions* and *explanations*, in regard to the necessity of preventing an increase of the prosperity of *artificial families*, meaning corporations, collegiate bodies, convents, &c. at the expense of *natural families*, or individuals, and the accumulaation of wealth on the part of the clergy.

These *instructions* and *explanations*, with the law alluded to, are in the archieves of the Ecclesiastical Tribunal at Florence.

This important measure, by means of which the insatiable cupidity of the priests was checked, was followed by an edict relating to the censorship of printed works, which the Government alleged ought to be submitted to the inspection of the civil power, instead of the Inquisitor General of Religion, who, until this period, had possessed the exclusive management of that powerful engine for retaining the Tuscans in ignorance.

To the complaints of Rome, the Regency of Tuscany replied by other complaints; accusing the Florentine Inquisition of abusing its authority, and the Inquisitor at Pisa of having almost murdered a man, whom he had succeeded in passing off as a heretic, although he had only been guilty of preventing his daughter from yielding to the seductions of the Inquisitor.

This event, with others of similar atrocity, induced the Emperor to order the prisons of the Inquisition to be shut, and to demand the consent of Rome to the addition of two lay assessors; a measure which destroyed the inviolable secrecy hitherto maintained in regard to the proceedings of that dreadful tribunal, and deprived it of the means of continuing its iniquities.

The reluctant consent of Rome was also procured to the suppression of several convents of nuns by the Government. The Emperor, being desirous of diminishing the excessive number of cures at Florence, on account of their inutility, their poverty, the indecency with which they were managed, the small number of parishioners, the short distance intervening between one church and another, and the great facility which they afforded to criminals of escaping from the arm of the law, ceased to nominate curates, and the parishes remained vacant.

Such is the substance of a very luminous memoir, drawn up by

Rucellai, on the differences with the Court of Rome. Mention is also made in it of the Inquisition, of which the Government had a short time before recognised the legality, upon condition that it should be organized on the same footing as at Venice. That tribunal at Florence had established, without any privilege to that effect being conferred upon it, not only prisons but an armed police at the public expense; and it succeeded easily, notwithstanding measures taken to prevent it, in eluding every restriction which was attempted to be put on its authority. This was accomplished by means of a tacit understanding on the subject between the Inquisitor and the Archbishop, who remitted to the nunciature those cases of an inquisitorial nature, of which they did not choose that the Government should take cognizance by means of its assessors.

Piccolomini, Bishop of Pienza, pretending that he was subject to the Pope only, and not to the Emperor, had carried his extravagance so far as to excommunicate several of the officers of Government in his diocese, and among others, a communal chancellor of Pienza, Rutilus Gini. He had declared him liable to the censures of the Bull "*in Coena Domini*," and as he had at the same time expressly forbidden those priests who were under his authority, to administer to Gini any of the sacraments of the Church, so long as he should persist in, what the Bishop termed, "the public scandal of obeying the Government," he was, from his inability to obtain absolution, prevented also from marrying.

After twelve years' endurance of his conduct, the Emperor had this prelate conducted to the frontiers of the Grand Duchy, under a guard of soldiers. Piccolomini's turbulence caused him to be received with much distinction by the Pope, Clement XIII., who warmly embraced his cause, and permitted him, within his own States, to excommunicate the Emperor and all his ministers, and to post up the sentence in the usual places.

There were also some differences between Tuscany and the Court of Rome, which arose out of certain places being considered as asylums to which criminals might repair for evading the punishment of the law. These asylums the Government had frequently been obliged to violate for the sake of public justice; and the Court of Rome had promised to conclude a concordat in regard to them, upon condition that they should all be respected by the civil authorities during the time the negotiations were pending. The Government kept its promise; but no progress was made in the negotiation, and the asylums were full of criminals.

Such was the posture of affairs at the accession of Leopold to the Grand Ducal crown. Both parties were dreadfully exasperated. Tuscany looked upon Cardinal Torrigiani, Secretary of State, as an artful and faithless priest; while Rome considered Rucellai as her mortal enemy.

The measures adopted by Leopold, and the motivees which induced him to become a reformer of the external worship and ecclesiastical discipline of his States, demonstrate that he laid down as the principle of all his operations, an invariable resolution to separate distinctly what was spiritual from what was temporal; never to intermeddle with the former in any respect, and at the same time never to permit the clergy to interfere in the smallest degree with the latter.

He was always willing to yield to the clergy in things which were strictly spiritual; but at the same time he fully determined

not to succumb to them in those which were not within their province. He wished that his bishops should apply directly to him in all their difficulties; and showed himself ready to assist them to the utmost of his power, whenever a proper and useful end was in view. But they lost all claims to his protection, and even to his esteem, whenever they sought to interfere in matters belonging to the State, with which, he said, they had no concern.

Senator Rucellai, who, previous to the accession of Leopold to the throne of Tuscany, appears to have been the most consistent and determined enemy to the abuses of the See of Rome, drew up for the information and guidance of his sovereign, several very important and interesting memoirs, not only on minute points of ecclesiastical discipline, but on the right of the spiritual power to interfere in matters of civil government. The most remarkable of these documents is that bearing date the 14th of July, 1769, in which Rucellai combats the pretensions of the Pope to interfere with the civil obedience of the priests, by the celebrated Bull *In Coena Domini*. This memoir presents many points of peculiar interest to the whole Christian community; particularly at this period, when attempts are making to revive that dominion of the Roman priesthood, which might have been expected to have been swept away in the great conflict of opinions which has marked the last forty years.

Secretary Rucellai insists particularly upon the spirit which dictated that eternal monument of priestly ambition, the Bull *In Coena*, upon the consequences of its being put in execution in Tuscany, on the means of opposing it, and of resisting at the same time the attempts of the Court of Rome against the rights of the Crown.

"A sovereign," says he, "owes it to his own dignity, and to justice, to defend both himself and his rights against the invasion of the Bull *In Coena*, and his subjects against the evil consequences of the measures with which it threatens them."

The foundation of the Romish authority is contained in the "Body of Canon Law," and especially in that part of it entitled "Pontifical Authority." It is composed of bulls, letters, and replies of the Popes, and of decrees of Assemblies of his Court, and is the instrument by means of which Rome is enabled to convert the priesthood into an engine for the attainment of its political views, even in the States of others.

The Bull, known by the name, *In Coena Domini*, is a summary of all those ecclesiastical laws, which tend to establish the despotism of the Court of Rome: a despotism of many ages, which was watered with the blood of milions of human creatures, founded with the spoils of debased sovereigns, and raised on the ruins of overturned thrones. The principles of that Bull pervade, and are interwoven with, every part of the canon law, which is publicly taught in Romish seminaries.

The Bull *In Coena* was the origin of those scandalous differences between the priesthood and the Empire, which happened in the eleventh century; differences totally unknown until the Church began to speak a language invented by the Court of Rome, in order to abuse with impunity the power of the keys, by means of the factions of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, which she brought forth and fostered. It was the origin also of the Inquisition, which is supported in its greatest enormities, of the crusades, of its censor-

ships, interdicts, &c. &c.: all these it employed, first to balance, and then to pull down the different powers of the Empire: to strip it of one part of its States in Italy, and out of them to erect itself into a species of new monarchy.

Sovereigns not unfrequently deposed by their subjects, or rather by the subjects of the priesthood, and being incessantly threatened by fanatics who were devoted to the Church, were compelled by necessity to trust their defence to the pens of civilians. Their rights were ably supported by Pierre Cugnree, Paris, Pierre des Vignes, Marsile of Padua, and Dante, of all of whom the Court of Rome found little difficulty in getting rid, by declaring them attainted and convicted of heresy—at that period, the most dreadful of all crimes.

This attempt, which ended so unfortunately for its first promoters, was the origin and beginning of that religious reformation, which was finally adopted, with the exception of France, by every nation which was not inclined to remain in a state of slavery. The kings of France, who dreaded a reform, succeeded in avoiding it, by allowing their subjects to be harrassed by those civil wars which Rome lighted up under the pretext of religion: by maintaining endless disputes with her: and at length by accepting a system of rights, professedly granted to them alone, under the name of the "Privileges of the French Church," which the Court of Rome abhors at heart fully as much as reform and heresy.

Italy, where the love of political liberty had rendered the people almost vassals of the Court of Rome, which they defended against the Emperors, not because they thought its pretensionss well founded, but because it defended them in its turn, with the only weapons which could be advantageously employed against those of the Empire—excommunications and interdicts.—Italy was subjected to all the abuses arising out of the sacerdotal system. From the mercantile spirit which the Italians of those times considered as the main spring, both of political principles and events, they conceived themselves interested in supporting the Court of Rome in every measure and enterprise, however unjust, in order to secure to it that supreme authority over the Catholic world, which attracted to them the riches and wealthh of all Europe.

Rome, considered in a political point of view, was at that period the bulwark of Italian liberty; in a mercantile point of view, the source and cause of Italian prosperity. To maintain this character, it was necessary she should preserve her power, and this she could only do by means of the gross delusion of pontifical authority.

Scarcely had the new Italian Governments been rid of all fear, in regard to their independence from abroad, than they began to dread encroachment on the part of the sacerdotal body, and changed immediately their system and their conduct. Without openly declaring their opposition to the intolerable pretensions of the Court of Rome, they endeavored to invalidate them by means of new laws, all passed about the same period, whose object was to restrain the papal authority, and the personal immunities of the clergy.

To speak only of Tuscany. About that period, the bishop and the tribunals of the Inquisition were deprived of their prisons and armed servants, and steps were taken to prevent the latter, as much as possible, from doing mischief. The power of the bishops was limited, and the court of Rome restrained from appointing them

according to her caprice. The temporal portion of the benefices became dependent on the public authority; opposition was indirectly made to the too frequent transferance of property into the hands of the clergy, and measures were taken to subject any new acquisitions, which they might be enabled to make, to the same changes as other property similarly situated.

This indirect method, however, of opposing the Court of Rome, was soon neutralized by men so well skilled in the art of invention. She brought forward what she termed "Ecclesiastical Privilege,"—an ocult right, comprehending every pretension which Rome has put forth in future. By means of this pretended right, it is impossible to imagine a single human action, over which she may not exert her influence and authority, if it is in any conceivable way connected with her interests.

Every thing that was in the least degree inconsistent with, or contrary to this ecclesiastical privilege, either directly or indirectly, from from that moment comprised in the Bull *In Coena*, and anathematized.

In regard to the laws of which we have just spoken; the Court of Rome maintained that they were null and void, because they had not been passed by legitimate authority. The States in which they had been promulgated were excommunicated, laid under an interdict, and attacked by the temporal forces of the reigning pontiffs, or by the subjects of other States, whom the Court of Rome had armed against their sovereigns, because those sovereigns had ordered the laws passed in favor of their subjects to be put in force.

Rome extended in this way its despotic authority over all the States of Italy, and in a special manner over the Republic of Florence, until it adopted the system pursued by the Spanish civilians. These authorities, taking the pretensions of the Court of Rome for what they were, without any examination of their merits, guarded the Government against any abuse which might result from them, by demanding that every order or prohibition, and, generally speaking, every writing or document emanating from that court, whether of a spiritual or temporal nature, should be subjected to a censorship. It was the duty of the censors to examine whether they were contrary to any existing law of the State, and to take care that they should not become binding until, with due consent from the sovereign, they had been lawfully published in his dominions.

The necessity of the *Exequatur*, or *legal publication*, is the basis of the jurisdiction and rights of the Crown, in every State where the Roman religion prevails; and if the law were strictly executed, and every infraction of it regularly punished, the power of Rome would cease to be a subject of alarm, as well as a source of mischief.

The Court of Rome was the first to perceive the consequences which would necessarily result from enforcing this law, and conseqnetly to condemn it. It declared all those who ordered its execution, or who should execute it themselves, to be under the censures of the Bull *In Coena;* but even this produced not the desired effect, and Rome was obliged to tolerate the existence of the *Exequatur*.

All its cunning is now employed in endeavoring to elude it, which it sometimes does, even in the case of the most enlightened Governments. The Government ought, consequently, to be always on its

guard, in order to detect its attempts, and to restrain the clergy who abet them.

The difficulty lay in finding out in what way those who transgressed the law of the *Exequatur* should be punished. Extra-judicial and summary punishments would be unjust, because they savor so much of arbitrary authority, which forms no part of a sovereign's rights.

Besides summary judgments are forcible means, which the stronger party employs against the weaker, because he cannot proceed against him in a legal manner; or, because those against whom he puts them in practice, are not liable to the operation of the law. Rucellai consequently does not judge it prudent to allow, even tasitly, that the clergy are in either of these predicaments; as its only effect would be to render the clergy more interesting and venerable in the eyes of the people, and to augment its authority by a diminution of that of the sovereign.

Rucellai was desirous that the priests should be punished as transgressors of the national laws, and that their obedience to the Bull *In Coena* should cease to operate as an excuse for them; not because it was not published with the *Exequatur*, for *it has been published every where, is still published, and its principles taught in the schools, and inculcated on penitents by their confessors*, but because it was demonstratively unjust, subversive of all the rights of sovereignty, of law, of good order, and of public tranquility.

The priests who are the principal executors of the Bull *In Coena* in the penitentiary chair, are only permitted to decide according to the orders of their Bishop. The Bishop, in his turn, is only an instrument of the Court of Rome, and the wretched slave of her caprice ever since she succeeded, by means of false decretals, in changing into an oath of fidelity and vassalage, that profession of faith which is made before being admitted a member of the Church.

That oath is, in fact, a solemn promise, not only to be unfaithful to one's lawful sovereign, but even to betray him, as often as the interests of the Court of Rome may render it necessary.

Governments, by allowing such an oath to be taken, thereby recognise it as obligatory.

The priests who observe it, by putting in force the Bull *In Coena*, and refusing absolution to those who violate it, or who do not repent of having violated it, *are rebels to the Government of their country*, which has proscribed it; those who do not observe it, are *necessarily perjured.*

If the priests who have to decide between such disagreeable alternatives are objects of pity, much more so are those people deserving of compassion, who consider it their duty to surrender their judgment into the hands of their pastor.

Rucellai proposes, as a remedy for all these contradictions, to consider the Bull *In Coena* as an unjust civil law, enacted by the Pope, which he would willingly put in force in the dominions of other sovereigns, and to forbid its direct or indirect publication.

It appeared preferable to Rucellai, that, by a declaration on the part of the ecclesiastical power itself, both the priests and their hearers should be freed from the obligation, *in fora conscientioe*, of observing the Bull: but such a declaration could only emanate from the Pope, who would never make it, unless he were compelled to it by an union of all the Catholic Governments: or, unless he saw clearly, that it was as much his interest to annul it, as it was

formerly his interest to establish it, in despite of religion and every thing that was sacred.

In the mean time, it will be necessary, says Rucellai, to adhere to the proposed law, which may be communicated to the Court of Rome, in order that it may prevent its publication by the only means in its power, the abrogation of the Bull. In the event of adopting this plan, it will be necessary to convince the Court of Rome that Government has taken its determination, and that no negotiation or species of treaty can take place on the subject.

The order of the Grand Duke to suppress entirely the Bull *In Coena Domini*, and the command never to mention it in future in Tuscany, became the law of the land. But this law, before it could be brought into full force, had to be frequently renewed. In a circular letter of the Secretary of Jurisdiction, addressed to the bishop of Pistoia, Ricci's predecessor, in 1772, it is asserted that the Government had been apprised of the Bull *In Coena*, proscribed in every Catholic State, being still affixed to the sacristies and confessionals of some churches of the Grand Duchy, and of some persons having had the hardihood to publish it from the pulpit or the altar, during the holy week.

An anecdote relating to this Bull will illustrate the retrogression which every pretended restoration causes in the people under the dominion of arbitrary legitimacy.

"In 1815, Ruffo, Archbishop of Naples, a relation of Cardinal Ruffo, published a list of reserved cases, among which were infractions of the Bull *In Coena Domini*. Ferdinand IV. having been informed of this violation of the laws of the kingdom, ordered his minister for ecclesiastical affairs to cause the list of reserved cases to be suppressed by the Cardinal whose name it bore, and to reprimand in severe terms the monk who had drawn the prelate by his perfidious counsels into such an act of disobedience, threatening him at the same time with banishment from the Neapolitan territory, if he attempted again to disturb the public tranquillity. The minister, in executing the orders of his sovereign, employed one of his principal assistants, Luc Cagnazzi, a priest and archdeacon, to write to Cardinal Ruffo.

After the fall of the Neapolitan constitutional Government, when Ferdinand had been restored a third time to the plenitude of his sovereign good pleasure, Luc Cagnazzi was stripped of his office, solely because agreeably to the instructions of the minister, who only obeyed his sovereign, he had composed the letter in question: his dismissal was demanded by the Cardinal."

We have given this abstract of Rucellai's memoir, because the Bull *In Coena is actually* invoked by the Court of Rome; because it regards it as still existing in full force, and because it grants to its ministers, *even now*, power to absolve those who might be weak enough to believe that they had incurred its penalties. Rucellai adds, that all that he has proposed is merely a precautionary measure; and that the sole political purpose of every measure relating to religious jurisdiction ought to be to put the clergy on a level with the laity, in as far as relates to the duties of citizens, and to abolish all their immunities, both real and personal; and while that end remains unaccomplished, there will always be "a State within the State," and an everlasting source of controversy and dispute.

In order to attain sooner and more certainly this end in Tuscany,

all the inferior prelates possessing jurisdiction, such as abbots, priors, guardians of convents, &c., should be obliged to exhibit their election-patents, to obtain their confirmation by Government, which should keep them as much within its control as possible. They should be subjected, as well as the bishops, to an oath of fidelity which should bring both them and their jurisdiction within the immediate influence of the civil authority. By the adoption of these measures, there will be nothing to dread from those prisons, which can scarcely be refused to several religious orders, and which are tolerated by the State. The special point is to prevent them from possessing clandestine prisons, which would be infinitely worse than allowing them legal ones; or permitting them to elude the prohibition to possess them, by any of those equally criminal means, which their immorality may suggest to them. In the present state of things, the superiors of certain orders, which hold a middle rank between cynicism and stoicism, make frequently a very bad use of their prisons, concerning which no regulation has been made by the civil authority, and which they nevertheless cannot do without, because reason alone is insufficient to secure to them a proper degree of respect. It is therefore an indispensable duty of the Government to keep a watchful eye on these prisons, in order to insure the safety of those individuals who are obliged to live under a despotism, more uncontrolled and absolute than that of an African tyrant.

The oath which must be required of them is only the means of recalling to the minds of the priests who take it, their natural duties as citizens—duties which are born with them, and from which the ecclesiastical profession which they have since adopted, cannot emancipate them. The oath must be so clear as that those who conscientiously believe it their duty to observe the Bull *In Coena*, may refuse to take it and also to accept the bishopricks and preferments which can only be obtained by taking it.

The sacerdotal power will remain invulnerable as long as those who exercise it believe that they have a right to be distinguished by peculiar privileges and immunities from their fellow-citizens. Every thing which reduces them to a level with the laity, diminishes in the mind of the public the idea of their independence, and consequently destroys what is in reality the true basis of Romish grandeur. The oath by which they will be bound will certainly produce that effect, and will besides furnish a strong ground for proceeding against them in case of their infringing the law.

The Court of Rome will oppose the taking of the new oath; and perhaps go so far as to prohibit its being taken: allow the bishopricks to remain vacant, and by that means render the administration of the sacraments more unfrequent and more difficult; but she will in that case have to contend with the whole body of priests, whose preferment and increase of revenue, *the only thing really interesting to them*, it may have been the means of checking. If the Court of Rome can once be convinced that the Government is determined not to yield in the struggle, nor even not to enter upon any negotiation for the purpose of accommodating matters, from which, by means of her usual chicanery, she could hope to obtain any advantage: she will give up the point, lest she should lose the whole of her rights in endeavoring to preserve a part of them. From the moment that she takes such a step, the promises which her clergy may make to her, will appear to them only obligatory in so far as they are not in

opposition to the oath which they had taken to Government with the consent of Rome herself.

During the five centuries that Romanists have been governed by pontifical authority, the Court of Rome has employed all the means in her power to fix as an irrevocable principle, that "the clergy are *not under the authority of the State* in which they reside," and that they are the *subjects of Rome alone*, in as far as relates to their persons and property. She never will dare to avow such a principle openly; all that she requires is, that the clergy on whom she inculcates that belief should be fully persuaded of its truth. They, on their part, pride themselves upon avowing themselves in public the subjects of Government, whenever it suits their interest to profess it—that is, whenever they are desirous either of bread or of honors. Rome, on her part, cannot condemn the oath which is proposed, on the score of novelty; for it has been taken in France and in other countries: nor can she condemn it on the score of its being imposed upon individuals who are not subject to the general laws of the kingdom: for such a proposition would be odious in the extreme, and rouse the attention, even of the most careless Governments, to such unheard-of impudence and audacity, especially at a time which is by no means favorable to any usurpation on the part of Rome.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Woman of Babylon

Joseph Hocking

This Story will be Issued in Book Form. Back numbers of the Magazine cannot be supplied.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FATHER RITZOOM'S CONFIDENCE.

"You've told me all?"

"Everything."

"You say you did not read the letter?"

"No; I refused."

"I think you were wise. One never knows what may happen. Of course, you cannot help what she might feel disposed to tell you."

"Exactly."

"It was a near squeak. Do you know, I've been walking on tenterhooks for weeks."

"Why?"

"For several reasons. I can speak plainly now, seeing the old man cannot alter his will. But the case has simply bristled with difficulties—simply bristled. First, there was a danger lest he should know what had become of the girl. Of course I saw to it that from time to time he should receive copies of that Protestant rag with a high-sounding title but no circulation, which stated that, in spite of home influence, she had remained firm to her Protestant convictions. That shows the benefit of being represented on every kind of periodical. It helps in ways unknown to the world. The old fool who edits the *Protestant on the Beacon* has not the slightest idea that one of his contributors is a faithful servant of the Church, and so he proudly announced that the grand-daughter of Walter Raymond, Esq., who had for so many years supported the Protestant cause, refused to follow the example of the rest of the family and become a Catholic. Of course, I saw to it that marked copies of this thing were sent to the old man. It pleased his vanity, and made him more and more kindly disposed towards the girl. I saw to it, too, that as Protestant meetings, and on other occasions, he was approached by faithful members of his creed, and that these guided him in the way he should go. Nevertheless, as I said, I was on tenterhooks the whole time for fear he should hear of what really happened. Then, of course, great care had to be taken in bringing to bear upon him when he was making his will. As you know, in spite of all I've done, I have no idea as to the exact conditions of the will."

"Yes, of course, it needed very careful work and much wise guidance."

"Exactly. Then, again, there was the other difficulty. Suppose he had died six months ago. The girl then wanted six months of

being legally of age. With men like Harrington and Raymond against us, we should have been walking on eggs."

"I see. I see."

"As it happens, before the will can be made known she will be twenty-one. Nothing could have happened better, you see."

"That is to say, she will sign a document directly she attains her majority, giving everything to the Church."

Ritzoom laughed contentedly.

"What strange coincidences there are in the world," he said. "Old Walter Raymond will be buried on the fifteenth of July, and his grand-daughter, Joyce Raymond, comes of age that very day."

"Providence, Providence," laughed Brandon.

"On the day following she will sign a paper, giving all her possessions to the Church. This paper shall be duly attested. There shall not be a loophole anywhere."

Brandon looked at Ritzoom admiringly. And this in spite of his envy. Why had he, who had set the whole movement on foot, handed it over to Ritzoom? Why should Ritzoom have all the praise, and he none? Yes; he admired the far-seeing gifts of the other, but he envied him.

"I will see to it that you shall not be forgotten, Brandon," said Ritzoom, his black, piercing eyes resting on the other. "On the whole, I think you have behaved well in this matter, and I will engage that you shall be 'highly recommended,' as they say in cattle shows."

Brandon reddened in spite of himself. It seemed as though nothing could be hidden from this man. He said nothing, however, although he felt relieved when Ritzoom turned towards the table and took a fresh cigar from the box which lay there.

"I must confess I had fears," went on the Jesuit presently. "I had my doubts about Harrington, but the fellow had an impossible game to play. Clever as he is, he had no chance of showing his cleverness. Thanks to the English laws, when once we get a girl inside a convent she is safe for ever. I know of no more important Parliamentary work than to fight against the possibility of allowing public inspections in Catholic institutions. If that were allowed we might as well be in France. The Church would have been robbed of thousands of pounds if there were a right of free entrance into convents. Oh, what fools the English are!"

"They are a great people!"

"They are as easily gulled as children. 'Religious liberty' is their cry. And we echo it by saying that this must apply to Catholics as well as Protestants. And they, glorying in their logic, agree. But blind fools that they are, they see no difference between liberty and licence. Still, we must not grumble; it answers our purposes."

"After all, although the letter says that the girl will 'considerably benefit' by the will, it may mean only a few thousand pounds," said Brandon.

Ritzoom smiled.

"You have no doubts?"

The Jesuit smoked quietly, without speaking.

"Of course, the Protestant papers will make a great fuss."

"Let them."

"Her whereabouts will be sure to come out now."

"Possibly."

"It must."

"Must it?"

"I say, suppose she becomes possessor of a large sum of money——"

"Say half a million—yes?"

"Is that the sum?"

"How do I know? But go on."

"Well, suppose she becomes possessed of a large sum like that. Then suppose next Tuesday she gives all she possesses to the Church."

"Which she will."

"Then suppose the Church puts in its claim——"

"Which it will, through proper channels."

"Well, suppose the father or lover opposes us on the ground that the girl in making the gift thought she had nothing to give: would not any judge and jury say that, seeing she made the gift under a misapprehension, the deed of gift was illegal, and therefore nullify it?"

"Possibly."

"Well, then, all would be lost."

"Would it?"

"Don't you think so?"

"Nothing is ever lost when a man is wise, nothing is lost when all contingencies are taken into consideration. But, Brandon, I must compliment you. You are not such a fool as I gave you credit for."

He spoke good-humoredly, but Brandon felt the sting of his words.

"You see your way out of such a situation?" he said.

"Or I should not be sitting comfortably here."

"Tell me how."

"The obvious way out of such a situation is for the girl to make such another deed of gift—that is, after she knew of her wealth."

"She might refuse to do it. You see, when the matter becomes public, she will have to be allowed a certain semblance of liberty. The law courts are the scenes of awkward questions, and British juries are very pig-headed."

"Yes; and as blind as bats."

"Still, I say she might refuse to make such another deed of gift."

"A nun, properly trained, dares not refuse anything which her Mother Superior or her confessor demands. She will have taken the vow of Holy Obedience, my friend. That answers everything. She does not go through her novitate uninfluenced. When the Mother Superior speaks, or when the confessor speaks, God speaks. That is an article of a nun's faith. And if she is properly trained she will not dare to disobey God."

"And she has been properly trained?"

"I knew Gertrude Winthrop before she became a nun. I knew her as a nun, as Mistress of the Novices, and I've watched her career as Mother Superior. We did well in sending the girl to her."

"Still, we have to face the possibility. If such a state of things were to come to pass, she would probably be brought into contact with her father and her lover: and, mind you, a woman is always a

woman. Well, once let those two be together again—I mean Harrington and that girl—and——"

"My dear fellow, do you think I have not gone into this question a score of times? Do you think I have not seen the end from the beginning? Why, any boy of eleven could see such a contingency."

"And have you prepared for it?"

"I've prepared for everything."

"You've prepared for the contingency of the girl being brought into contact with her sweetheart?"

"No."

"No?"

"No. The girl will never see her sweetheart again. If she did—well, then, I could not answer for what might happen. But she never will."

Brandon looked at Ritzoom like one afraid. He sought to read the meaning of the mocking smile, and the language of his dark, unfathomable eyes, but in vain. The face was like the face of the sphinx.

"You have no fears?"

"No."

"But there is bound to be a scandal. With two men like Harrington and Raymond, there is bound to be a scandal."

"Scandals are forgotten when nothing can be proved."

"It may do the Church more harm than good."

"It will do the Church only good."

"Well, you may not be afraid. I am."

"My friend, all is plain. A young Protestant girl becomes converted to the faith. She is so ardent in her faith that she desires to live the holy life of a nun. She loves the Church and the Order she has joined, and therefore is eager to give all she has for the benefit of the Church. She does so; moreover, she does so after she comes of age. Presently, it comes to pass that she finds herself heiress to great wealth; but she still adheres to her desire to benefit the Church. Her father and her lover may protest, but the gift is valid, and the Church is enriched by the enrichment of our Order, and a liberal donation made by us to the community of which she is a member is fully appreciated by the Superior. Of course, these militant, shouting Protestants will make a great noise, but what of that? They have shouted in the past, they will shout again; but what do we care?"

"Still, I say she might turn obstinate. She might get into communication with her father and her——"

"But she will not."

"Why?"

"Because she is in a convent."

"Is that a sufficient safeguard?"

"My friend, you ought to know by this time that it is more than sufficient. You ought to know that while present laws exist in relation to Catholic institutions, anything may happen behind the walls of a convent, and no one be the wiser."

"Then you have arranged for every contingency?"

"Soyez tranquille, et dormez bien, mon ami," said Ritzoom.

"But about the letter?"

"Of course, it is natural and right that the son should know of his father's death at once. It is right that he should make preparations to go to the funeral."

"I am glad to hear you say that; but I say he will have to tell the lawyer that he does not know where his daughter is. When her whereabouts is discovered, will not nasty questions be asked? Will it not appear strange that her whereabouts should be kept a secret from her father, who has been searching so long for her?"

"And what more natural than that a Catholic girl should beseech her Mother Superior to protect her from a cruel father who had determined to send her to a Protestant school?"

"You trust a good deal to the disposition of the girl, it seems to me."

"And wisely."

"Why?"

"Because a girl becomes like wax in our hands. As you ought to know, a nun has no will of her own. If she had, the power of convents would be gone. It is the great business of a convent to destroy the will. How could a woman otherwise be as clay in the hands of a potter? Now, Brandon, I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me. You have done wisely in bringing this news to me, and I thank you for it. In return, I hope I have set your mind at rest. I have answered a great many foolish questions, and I have dealt with a great many trumped-up difficulties. Now I must work. Things have turned out exactly as I planned. Who would have thought that old Walter Raymond, rabid Protestant and strong Nonconformist, would have been persuaded to make his will in favour of a girl who is a nun? Yet he has done it. By wise management I have made him do it. It has taken us three years and more to bring about this state of affairs, but the work has been done. Now we have entered upon the reaping time."

"You think that the result of this will be good?"

"Think, my friend? With money we can do anything. Slowly, slowly we have been fighting our battle. Some have been fighting it in one way, some in another. As you know, I do not regard our success as great. The fact that we have established convents and built churches in England does not appeal to me. From that standpoint the success of the Salvation Army simply mocks us. They begun with nothing, except the pluck and determination of a Methodist minister and his wife. Yet see what they have done! They have practically belted the globe. But in another way I have done more. I have been working a change in the British Parliament; I am gaining power whereby the tone of society is being altered. I have been amassing the sinews of war whereby——" and Ritzoom shrugged his shoulders.

"But although this money is left to the Order, it becomes the property of the General."

"Yes!" And Ritzoom's eyes flashed with a significance which Brandon understood.

Brandon almost shuddered as he looked at the other's face, which seemed to say, "And who moves the General? Who holds the reins? Who touches the springs?"

"I understand," said Brandon.

"And yet very few people know of Anthony Ritzoom. Does he speak at public meetings? Does his name appear in print? Oh, yes, the work of others is very important—very; but——" and again he shrugged his shoulders.

It was not often Ritzoom spoke so freely, not often that he gave

any idea of his plans. Perhaps it was the news Brandon brought him that caused him to be communicative.

"We have a great work, Brandon," he went on, "a great work. This country must be converted. The Church, and the Church only, must rule England. Today we have made another important move in the great game we are playing. This British race laughs at us. Again and again have I thought out great schemes, but they have never been carried into effect. Do you know why?"

"Money," said Brandon.

"Yes, money; or, rather, the want of it. But this time I shall not be thwarted. With that old Protestant's thousands I will change the face of things."

Brandon rose to go, and as he did so Ritzoom's attitude changed. He no longer looked triumphant and joyful. Rather, the old look of caution and calculation came back.

"Now, then, Brandon," he continued, "I want to say this to you. Be surprised at nothing. Do not take a single step, do not offer an opinion, give no advice, and do not go away without consulting me. Above all, be surprised at nothing."

"Very well," said Brandon.

"And another thing. Do no thinking on your own account. It's dangerous."

"Why?"

"Thinking leads to acting. I will do the thinking. When my thinking leads to action, I will let you know. Good-bye, and remember."

Ritzoom, when left alone, sank into an armchair and closed his eyes. As he did so, he seemed to age and to become very weary. He no longer looked a strong, vigorous, middle-aged man of from forty to forty-five, but rather an elderly, jaded man of sixty-five.

"It was just as well to leave him in the dark," he said presently; "but even I am almost afraid. It is a bold stroke—a very bold stroke—even although it has been played before with success."

His skin was yellow, and his face was almost ghastly as these thoughts passed through his mind.

When Walter Raymond came home late from business that night, his wife met him in a more friendly way than usual.

"There is a letter for you on the mantelpiece, and it bears the Rothertown postmark," she said.

Walter opened it eagerly. In his heart of hearts he hoped that it contained some line of reconciliation from his father; but when he saw its contents, his heart sank like lead.

"My father is dead, Lucy," he said.

"What!" she cried, in well-feigned astonishment.

"My father is dead," he repeated almost mechanically.

She looked at him, not knowing what to say; then she spoke like one who had learnt a lesson.

"When is the funeral to be?" she asked.

"Next Monday morning, at eleven o'clock," he replied.

"I suppose we shall all have to go into black," was her remark.

Walter read the letter again. It was only a formal note, informing him of a sad event. He longed for some message telling him that his father had forgiven him, for, even although he had not seen him for more than twenty years, he could not help feeling kindly towards him. Especially had this been true since his aliena-

tion from his wife. After all, his father had been right. Better for him to have married Miss Blight, with her plain face and unengaging ways. She was, at any rate, a lady, and an honorable woman. He could never conceive of her becoming the tool of a priest. She would never have tried to turn his own children against him.

After he had somewhat recovered from the news of his father's death, the purport of the remarks concerning Joyce became real to him. What should he say to Williams and Jordan? He looked towards his wife, and he saw that she was watching him. What was the meaning of that strange look in her eyes? A flood of thoughts came into his mind, but he kept quiet.

"Will you go to the funeral?" she asked presently.

"Yes."

"When will you go?"

"I don't know."

"Who has he left his money to?"

The strange tone in her voice attracted him. Should he tell her what the lawyers had said? No; he would say nothing to her.

"Where are you going?" she said presently.

"I'm going out."

"Where?"

"Several places, possibly."

"Will you be late back?"

"I don't know."

She would have liked to ask further questions, but she dared not. In her heart was a great fear lest her husband should know what she had done.

"Of course, you will not wait up," he said as he went out. "I am taking the latchkey."

Half an hour later he was in Ned Harrington's rooms.

"Read that," he said as he handed him the letter.

"We shall know where Joyce is now," said Harrington, when he had read it.

"You mean that——"

"Yes, I do," said the young barrister.

CHAPTER XXX.

RAYMOND GOES TO THE OLD HOME.

The two men looked at each other steadily for a minute; then Harrington started to walk to and fro in the room, a sure sign that he was thinking deeply. Whenever a stout, phlegmatic man wants to think, he generally sits still, with closed eyes. On the other hand, however, a nervous, highly strung man starts to his feet, and every part of his body becomes alert, when his mental powers are more than ordinarily aroused. The placid man requires no pen to record his thoughts; the nervous man, on the other hand, has either to think aloud, or at the end of his pen. When Harrington was alone, and wanted to think of matters of more than ordinary importance, he always had a piece of paper before him, on which he jotted down his thoughts; when anyone was with him, he started to walk, and to talk.

"Raymond," he said, "you know that again and again, when we

have been discussing this business, I have told you that I have been looking for a motive; I have said that Ritzoom would not take so much trouble with your family simply and solely for the sake of your souls."

"Yes; and you would never tell me what you believed the motive was."

"Yes; I was afraid. I bore it in mind, but I could not see how what haunted me could be true. Now it's all plain."

Walter Raymond thought a minute. "You mean that clause about Joyce?" he said.

"Exactly."

"You believe they've been planning for that?"

"I'm sure. While it seemed as though Joyce could not be the possessor of one penny, it seemed foolishness to talk about it. Yet, knowing what I did about Ritzoom, I could not help believe it."

"Still, they must have acted on a bare possibility."

"Ritzoom has a way of making bare possibilities become facts," said Harrington. "Wait a minute."

He went to a safe in the room, and unlocked it. Then he took from it a bulky diary.

"Look here," he said. "I have kept a diary of every detail of this business since that night when I received your telegram at Plymouth. I have also chronicled my fears and fancies. There are several jottings here also, which I did not think wise to tell you about, because there seemed no sufficient reason for believing there was anything in them. Listen; I want to read you a few extracts." This was what he read:

"'What are Ritzoom's motives? He is not a man noted for his spirituality. Whenever he takes anything in hand, there is always something besides immediate religious considerations. Especially has this been true during the last few years. Joyce is poor. Why then should he take so much trouble about her? The only source from which she can receive money is from her grandfather. This source is very unlikely, and yet it might be made possible by a man like Ritzoom. Better not say anything to Raymond about it, but I must always remember it as a possible contingency.'

"Here is another extract: 'Saw Belsher with Ritzoom today. What does that mean? I thought Belsher was a strong Protestaant. He has certainly written to Protestant papers, and has strongly deprecated the influx of monastic institutions into this country. Must tell Volpe to make inquiries about him.'

"'Volpe tels me that Belsher is a curious character. He is a hack journalist, and professes to be a very strong Protestant, but has been seen in counsil with Romanists. Of course, this may mean nothing.'

"Here is another extract of a later date: 'Went to Protestant meeting at P——. Saw old Walter Raymond there. He was somewhat cool towards me. Also saw Belsher there. He said he was reporting the meeting for several Protestant papers. He seemed very friendly with old Major-General Gray, who is so much interested in the *Protestant on the Beacon*. This is rather strange, for the old general, although such a militant and evangelical Protestant, is an aristocrat, and does not talk freely with such as Belsher.'

"Three weeks later: 'What does this paragraph mean? Of course, it is of no significance, for the *Protestant on the Beacon*

has only a few hundred of circulation. It is run by old General Gray, and sent out to people he happens to know. Yet the paragraph is significant. Who could have told the general that the granddaughter of old Walter Raymond refused to go to a convent school, and in spite of home influences, which are strongly Roman Catholic, remains a strong Protestant, and is gone to a Moravian school in Germany? Of course, it is just like the general to put it in, but who could have told him? I am not sure that Walter is right in persisting in silence about the matter. I am not sure but that it would be better to let the whole truth become public, no matter how painful it might be. But there, if it became public, it would lead to a knowledge of Walter's strained relations with his wife and children, and as a sensitive man he naturally shrinks from that.'

"Still later: 'Heard that old General Gray was on a visit to Walter's father at Rothertown. I thought old Mr. Raymond looked very feeble when I saw him last. Must say nothing to Walter about it. He seems very sensitive about anything which concerns his father, even with me.' "

Ned Harrington ceased reading, and looked at his friend.

"Well?" said Raymond.

"Well?" repeated the other. "What do you make of it?"

"What do you make of it?"

"What I had believed impossible. Ritzoom had his eyes upon your father's money. He could only influence him indirectly. If Joyce became a nun, and then heiress to his estates, the Jesuits would have the control of all his possessions. Very well; suppose two or three things. First, suppose that Belsher and such as Belsher are the tools of Ritzoom. He gets a paragraph inserted in General Gray's pet venture, to the effect that Joyce remained a Protestant. Your father sees it. That means that he will think kindly of her. Very well; he still loves you, but you know the kind of man he is. He has made a vow never to leave you a penny, but that does not hinder him from thinking kindly of your eldest child, who bears the name of your mother, of whom your father was passionately fond. Then old General Gray goes down to see your father. Gray has been talking with Belsher, and such as Belsher, who pose as Protestants, and still are tools of Ritzoom; then——"

"Yes, yes," broke in Walter Raymond; "it may be as you say."

"Mark my words," said Harrington. "When that will is made known, you will find that a large sum of money will be left to Joyce, absolutely under her own control. You see the wording of the lawyers' letter. She will 'considerably benefit.' She is understood to be on the Continent. How would they think of her as on the Continent, except your father had told them? And how would he think of it, but for this paragraph in the *Protestant on the Beacon?* We have said nothing, while——"

"Yes, yes; it's as clear as daylight. Why did I not think of these things before?"

"As I told you, I thought of them; but as I had not the slightest reason to believe that your father would leave Joyce any money, my suspicions seemed groundless. In the light of this letter, however, all becomes changed."

Both were quiet for a few minutes. Walter Raymond sat quietly, while Ned Harrington sometimes sat by his side, and again walked around the room.

"Yes; we shall know where she is very soon now," said Walter

Raymond; "but I say, Ned, next Monday is Joyce's birthday. She will be twenty-one then."

Harrington nodded.

"That means——"

"Yes, I know what it means," interrupted Harrington impatiently. "Walter, we are not at the end of this business yet."

"They must let us see her," said Raymond eagerly. "The money cannot become hers without the formalities of the law being complied with. That will mean that I shall be able to see her. So will you, Ned; and if together we can't be a match for the priests, I'm mistaken."

Harrington did not speak, but he seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I will, of course, go down to Rothertown at once," Raymond went on. "I will make a complete statement of all the facts to Williams and Jordan. By the way, I knew Mr. Williams as a boy, and he was always friendly with my father. Perhaps some message has been left for me."

Still Harrington was silent.

"Of course, after the funeral the terms of the will must become public; then, of course, Joyce's whereabouts will become known. If you are correct in your reasonings, Ritzoom will quickly put in his claim for the money."

"No; not Ritzoom."

The words seemed to be spoken almost unwittingly. They did not express the main current of Harrington's thoughts, but only something which his mind fastened on as a side issue.

"Not Ritzoom?"

"No; his name will not appear. Some harmless old man, well known for deeds of charity, will put in the claim."

"Anyhow, I shall see Joyce. Her identity must be proved, and in order to do that——"

"Anything can happen—anything," said Harrington, like one speaking to himself. "Ritzoom is as cunning as the devil. If I am right in my reasoning, Walter, if I am right, things will not be as plain and easy as you suggest. No, no; there is something behind all this."

"But they can't hinder us from seeing her," cried Walter; "they cannot hinder us from pleading with her. Thank God! the British public is still Protestant in spite of all the endeavours of the priests, both Romanists and Ritualist, to make it otherwise. When the thing gets into the law courts, whatever else may happen the truth will come out."

"Will it?"

"Yes. I say, Ned, what is the matter with you?"

"I fear, I fear."

"What?"

"Do not ask me. I dare not tell you. Yes, as you say, if things are as we believe, a claim will be made for her money, and then we must fight. Yes, yes; we must not hesitate to face the public; we must let everything come out. Perhaps we were wrong in keeping quiet. Still, it can't be helped now. You must go to Rothertown at once, and, yes, you will do well to take Mr. Williams into your confidence. Go at once, Walter; take the first train in the morning."

He seemed to be talking in order to hide his real thoughts. Evidently some great fear haunted him—a fear which he did not dare to reveal to his friend.

Walter Raymond rose to go: his mind seemed to be so full of what he had to do, that he paid but little attention to the thoughts at the back of Harrington's mind. When they reached the door, however, he could not help noticing the haunted expression in his friend's eyes.

"It must be all right, Ned," he said. "Things must come to the light now."

"Let us hope so."

"But come, I say; what are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing. Let us hope for the best; but, Walter, just bear this in mind. Ritzoom is a very clever man. He prepares for every contingency, and—and—well, English laws in relation to convents make everything possible."

"But the truth must come to light. Even if Joyce is a nun, she must put in an appearance in order to establish her claim. If she does, everything becomes possible for us."

"Yes, I know. But do you think Ritzoom has not thought of that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. Good-night. I shall not be idle, and—well, we must hope for the best."

"You make me afraid, Ned."

"No; don't give way to fear. Only, it's well to have our eyes opened. Here is the fact: More than two years ago, Joyce left us. During that time you and I have used our utmost endeavours to find out her whereabouts. She is in England—that we know. The conversation which we overheard at the —— Restaurant proves that. But we have never been able to discover any definite trace of her. That proves how complete the convent system is. That proves how fully the convent powers can defy intelligent men. For we are inteligent men, Walter. It may seem like boasting, but I know that I have as many brains as the ordinary intelligent man. I have been congratulated again and again by the cleverest judge in England on having a mind capable of penetrating dark places and of unravelling tangled skeins. Judge —— told me the other day in private that he knew of no man at the Bar who saw further into the heart of a thing than I. Well, that may be true or not, and I am not mentioning it without a purpose. For you must remember this: for more than two years I have been giving all my powers to the discovery of where Joyce is. I have had the strongest motives for doing this. My life's happiness depends on it. It is no wonder, therefore, that I have done all in my power. Well, then, there's you, Walter. You have obtained the reputation of being a level-headed, safe lawyer. More and more you are gaining the confidence of the public by your ability and your integrity. You also have devoted all your powers to finding the whereabouts of your child. We have worked separately, and we have worked together. With what results. I need not say. Well, now comes this news of the death of your father. You say, and say naturally, that if we have not gone on a false assumption for two years, certain things will happen. But will they? If the convent laws have enabled a man like Ritzoom to baffle us in the past, will they not enable him to baffle us in the future?"

"But even they cannot stop us from seeing her. And I tell you, Ned, let me see my child and I am not afraid. Let her see you, and I am not afraid. She loves us both, my friend, and even two years

of convent life cannot crush the life out of my Joyce. I know my child, Ned. By this time she will have seen through the hollowness of the whole business, and a word from us will bring her home. I am sure of it. She would never have left home if you had not gone away to Plymouth. It was only when she was away from us that they were able to work upon her fears. Let her see us, and all the priests in the world will not hold her."

"I believe you are right," said Harrington with a strange look in his eyes. "Nay, I know you are right."

"Then why do you fear?"

"Because Ritzoom knows it, too; and Ritzoom is a man who stops at nothing."

"But, but——"

"He is a Jesuit."

"Even then——"

"The Jesuits often deny the doctrine which is so often attributed to them; but even although they deny it, the fact remains. Anyhow, I am sure of this: Ritzoom is capable of strange things, if thereby he thinks he can extend the Roman Catholic Church, which he believes identical with the Kingdom of God. Good-night, my friend. I have said too much already, and I hope I am wrong, and you are right."

The next day Walter Raymond went to his old home for the first time in twenty-two years. No one recognised him at the station; no one gave him special attention as he walked through the streets of the town in which he was born and reared. It was no wonder. There was but little resemblance between the happy, bright-faced youth of twenty-two and the sad-eyed, anxious-looking man of forty-four. That day he looked quite fifty. His face was sallow, his eyes were weary, his features were lined with care. The trouble of the last three years had done more to age him than all the care and poverty of the previous nineteen. Since the priests had entered his home, happiness had ebbed little by little out of his life.

He did not take a cab. He felt that he wanted to walk through the streets once so familiar to him, and to note the places which he knew so well as a boy. On his way he passed by the Independent Chapel where he was married, and as he did so he felt his head swim. It was there that the ceremony was performed which had sealed his life.

"It is said that marriage makes or ruins a man," he said to himself. "What has it done for me?"

He had no home in the true sense of the word; his wife and two of his daughters were alienated from him, his other daughter was—he dared not think what. Only Walter, his boy, had defied the priests. And yet, as he recalled the first nineteen years of his wedded life, he felt that but for the shadow of what was called the Church he had done nothing of which he repented. His father was dead; and yet, although the old man's life had been embittered by his son's marriage, the marriage would have been blessed of God but for the unhealthy superstition which had been allowed to dominate his home.

A few minutes later he was closeted with Messrs Williams and Jordan. Mr. Williams was a man of over sixty years of age—a man cautious, keen, and dignified; a lawyer of the old school. Mr. Jordan, on the other hand, was evidently of a more modern spirit. He spoke more freely than his partner, and was not such a stickler on points of etiquette.

"Did my father mention me in any way?" Walter asked presently. "You know that we have been estranged all these years. I wrote to him, but he returned my letters. Did he think more kindly of me towards the end?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jordan; "so kindly that more than once I was on the point of writing to you, suggesting that you should come down, but Mr. Williams would not hear to it."

"There is a reference to you in the will itself," remarked the older partner. "Indeed, it was to show his forgiveness to you that he left the bulk of his large fortune to your daughter Joyce."

"Was he very rich?" asked Walter.

"Of course, gossip has exaggerated his wealth," said the lawyer; "but he was doubtless a rich man, a *very* rich man. General Gray and others pleaded with him, and thus the will of two years ago—a will which bestowed everything on charities—was cancelled. The new will says that while his word was given that you should never benefit by his possessions, he wished to show you that he felt kindly towards you at the last by enriching your eldest daughter Joyce. He was much influenced by the fact that she had refused to yield to her mother's wish and join the Roman Communion. The fact, moreover, that you insisted on sending her to a Protestant school made him feel kindly towards you."

"Gentlemen," said Walter, "I wish I had known of this before."

"Why?" asked Mr. Jordan; while Mr. Williams only looked at him questioningly, playing with his golden-rimmed eyeglass as he did so.

"I have to tell you a long story," said Walter Raymond. "Perhaps when I have told it you will be able to throw some light on the situation."

Thereupon he told the lawyers in outline much of what I have related here. For a time they both sat and listened coldly, but presently Mr. Williams forgot his dignity in his eager interest, while Mr. Jordan ejaculated freely. When he had finished a silence fell between them for a few seconds.

"How long is it since you say she left you?" asked Mr. Williams.

"More than two years."

"And you have been searching the whole of that time?"

"The whole of it—both Harrington and I."

"What, *the* Harrington?" said Mr. Jordan, who was himself privately reading for the Bar, while practising as a solicitor.

"Yes, *the* Harrington."

"And you have discovered nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Why did you not make the matter public?"

"Can't you think, Mr. Jordan? I hated the idea of the matter being talked about. Besides, I had no positive proof that she had gone to a convent. I have none now—that is, proof that would stand in a court of law. Nevertheless, I am morally sure. My wife has practically admitted the fact."

Again silence fell between them.

"I quite understand your desire to keep the affair quiet," said Mr. Williams. "I should have done the same had I been in your place."

"I don't think I should," said Mr. Jordan. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to fight with these black-coated gentry."

"It strikes me that you will have that pleasure," said Mr. Williams grimly.

(To be Continued.)

A Baptist Preacher's Survey of the Roman Catholic System

(Continued from the February issue)

Celibacy: Unmarried Clergy.

Peter was a married man when he was chosen an apostle (Matt. 8:14, 15); and he had his wife with him long years afterward (1 Cor. 9:5). Philip was a married man and had children (Acts 21:9). While Paul was not married, he claimed the right to marry (1 Cor. 9:5). One of the qualifications of a bishop was that he should be "the husband of one wife"; and one "that ruleth his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." A forceful reason was added for this: "For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?" (1 Tim. 3:2, 4, 5). Again, we read in Heb. 13:4: "Marriage is honorable in all, and the bed undefiled." There is no exception made of a priest or nun. One of the express signs of having departed from the faith was "forbidding to marry." (1 Tim. 4:3). That was written to a preacher and for his guidance. I can not, therefore, believe that Roman Catholicism is in accord with the Word of God.

The fathers all tell us that the ministry married, and history tells us that the priesthood married for more than a thousand years. I can only give a few statements out of hundreds which might be quoted. I select my quotations almost at random.

Eusebius quoted Clement of Alexandria as saying: "Peter and Philip begat children; Philip also gave his daughters in marriage. And Paul does not hesitate, in one of his epistles, to greet his wife, whom he did not take about with him, that he might not be inconvenienced in his ministry." (Eccl. Hist., lib. iii., c. 30. Patrologiæ, vol. 2, p. 278.)

Tertullian, arguing against second marriages, said to a widower: "That you may then marry in the Lord, according to the law and apostles, if you are still concerned for this, have you such assurance as to demand that (second) marriage, which is not lawful for them to enter upon from whom ye demand it, that is from the bishop who is once married, and from the presbyter and deacons in the same state, and from the widows whose society you refuse." (De Monogama, c. ii. Patrologiæ, vol, p. 979.)

Socrates says: "There have been among them (the clergy) many bishops who have had children by their lawful wives during their episcopate." (Eccl. His., lib. 2, c. xliii.)

Gregory the Great, bishop of Rome, who died A. D. 605, was the grandson of another pope. Gregory was by nation a Roman, a son of Gordian, deducing his race from ancestors that were not only noble, but religious. And Felix, once bishop of the same Apostolic See, a man of great honor in Christ and in his Church, was his great grandfather. (Bede's Eccl. Hist., lib. ii., c. i).

Gregory VII. was the man who did more against the marriage of the clergy than any other. He called a synod, 1074, and ordered the separation of men and women. Matthew, of Westminster said of that synod: "Some priests who had taken wives he deposed and removed from office by a new example, and, it seemed to many, an inconsiderate prejudice, in contradiction to the ancient fathers." (At A. D. 1075.)

Thaunus, an excellent historian, says: "No papal writer denies that the first who opposed the clergy's being married was Pope Calixtus, in the year 220; until which time the marriage of the clergy, in both the Eastern and Western Churches, was lawful, and that Maximilian II. then urged against him, that the priests of the old law and most of the blessed apostles were married men."

Cardinal Cajetan says: "Setting aside all other laws and standing on those we have from Christ and the apostles, it can not appear by reason, or by any authority, that holy orders can be any hindrance to marriage, either as it is an order or as it is holy." (Cajet., tom. i., tract. 25.)

Nicolas Causanus says: "Till the time of Pope Cyricius, in 385, it was lawful for all priests to marry, nor vow, nor law, nor other restraint being to the contrary." (Nichol. Cusan., ep. 2, ad Boem).

Polydore Vergil says: "The marriage of the clergy could not be prevented till Pope Gregory VII., in the year 1074, determined it; in which, however, he was resisted, as introducing a custom never received." (Pol. Vergil. de invent., v. i., c. 4).

Bellarmine "grants that for some hundreds of years the Church of Rome permitted her Greek priests to have their wives, and proves by arguments that by the law of God this is not forbidden." (Bellar. de Cleric., l. i., c. 18).

Indeed, the matter was never fully settled until the Council of Trent. (1565).

The Clergy Must Not Marry.

The forbidding of the clergy to marry in the Church of Rome has led to the most fearful excesses. One who has never read the lives of the popes, or a history of the priesthood, can have no conception of these enormities. They are

almost beyond human belief. They are so foul that I can not go into detail. I shall content myself with a general statement. You will notice, however, that my authorities are all from Catholic sources. If Catholics say this much about the pollution of the priesthood, what must be the pollution and rottenness which is so foul that no man dares to write or print it?

Was not Pope John XII. killed in the very act of adultery by the woman's husband? Nor did Baronius scruple to tell the world "that for one hundred and fifty years together St. Peter's chair was filled, not with apostles, but apostates, put in fraudulently by vile prostitutes, viz., Marozia, Theodora, etc. A papal writer says of Pope Clement V.: "He was a public debauchee; from that time forth all discipline and religion failed among the cardinals," etc. (Paral. Ursp. Gen. in Clement V., Papa): St. Bernard said: "The portraiture of these times (12th century) is made up of fornications, adulteries, incests, detestible villainies and acts of utmost filthiness." And Honnorius of Athus ranks in order, "princes, monks, priests, nuns and nunneries, and all orders of men have been thus defiled." See the account of the horrible pollutions of the 13th century by Matthew Paris; of those of the 14th, by Alvarez Pelagius (a defender of Pope John XXII). He sets forth "the cloisters as places of prostitution, in which debauchery, drunkenness, impure and filthy discourses, etc., etc., did reign, and that even the horrid sin of Sodom reigned in the most august and venerable churches." (Jurien, by Whitaker, p. 316). Of those of the 15th century, by Eneas Sylvius; of those of the 6th, by Cornelius Mus, Bishop of Bitanto. He thus spoke publicly in the Council of Trent: "There is no filthiness, how monstrous soever, no villainy, no impurity with which the people and clergy were not defiled." (P. 370). Cardinal Bembo records: "That Pope Leo X. was an atheist; and that he one day told him, 'This fable of Jesus Christ had done them good service.'"

Cormenin, a Roman Catholic historian, says: "The Roman Church was transformed into a shameless courtezan, covered with silk and precious stones, which publicly prostituted itself for gold; the palace of the Lateran was becoming a disgraceful tavern, in which ecclesiastics of all nations disputed with harlots the price of infamy. Never did priests, and especially popes, commit so many adulteries, rapes, incests, robberies and murders, and never was the ignorance of the clergy so great. * * * During more than two centuries, incestuous and pedantic priests soiled the steps of the altar! Finally, fifty pontiffs, apostates, murderers and wantons occupied the chair of St. Peter. Platinus, Gonebrard, Stella, Baronius, in their writings, call the pontiffs of that age simoniacal priests, magicians, sodomites, tyrants, robbers and assassins." (History of the Popes, vol. 1, pp. 274, 275).

Cardinal Baronius says: "What was then (A. D. 911) the face of the holy Roman Church? How exceeding foul it was! When most powerful, and sordid and abandoned women ruled at Rome, at whose will the Sees were changed, bishops were presented, and, what is horrid to hear, false pontiffs, their lovers, were intruded into the chair of St. Peter, who are only written in the catalogue of Roman pontiffs for the sake of marking the times." (Baronii Annales Ecclesiastici, Antverpiæ, 1618).

It is a notorious fact that in Mexico and other popish countries priests live with concubines. I shall give the statements of two ex-priests, whose testimony has never been refuted.

The Right Rev. A. A. Feijo, Ex-Regent of the Empire of Brazil, has written a very strong book, urging the abolition of celibacy in that empire. He says: "All Brazil knows the necessity of abolishing a law that never was, is not, and never will be observed. All Brazil is a witness of the evils which the immorality of the transgressors of that law entails upon society."

This startling statement was lately made by Prof. L. T. Townsend, of the Boston University: "We hold in our hands here a slip of paper containing the names of one hundred and one Roman Catholic priests of the diocese of Archbishop Williams, of the city of Boston, who within a few years have been dismissed, suspended or otherwise disqualified, and who, taken together, were guilty of almost every crime in the calendar of crimes. And we are to bear in mind that rarely are Roman Catholic priests disciplined unless their irregularities and iniquities become notorious. Here before us, we repeat, are the names of one hundred and one disgraced Roman Catholic clergymen. Archbishop Williams can give you a duplicate of this list, if he chooses to do so."

Suppose the same could be said of any Protestant denomination—the daily press would join all its forces to hold that denomination up to public execration. Suppose the *Sun* and the *World* and the *Herald* should turn their editorial light in the direction of Rome! (*Christian Inquirer*).

We do not charge that all priests are corrupt, but when we come to consider the freedom of the confessional, the questions asked and the evil suggestions put into the minds of females there, that priests are frequently convicted of rape, the scandals that appear in the public press, we are led to believe that there is something terribly wrong in the Romish system.

(To be Coutinued)

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

IN the year 1908, the Roman Catholic Monarchy declared war upon the American Republics. Don't smile: read on, until you comprehend my meaning. If you even have the inclination to smile, it is because your mind has been so fully occupied by other subjects, that you have never given a thought to THE PAPAL MONARCHY.

Let me repeat, that THE YEAR *1908*, was the time chosen *by the Roman Catholic Monarchy* to publish its declaration of *hostility to American laws, institutions, and government.*

Briefly allow me to review the facts, in order that you may comprehend what I mean, and be in position to pass judgment, intelligently, upon my statement.

Paul planted and Apollos watered—*what?* One supreme, final, vicarious sacrifice.

Christ died on the Cross, and the Sacrifice was offered up—*but did anyone eat it?*

"The Host" was "elevated," on Calvary: then laid in the tomb: then rose into life on the third day: then ascended into the heavens, to "sit at the right hand of God."

Such is the Word. It is written that way, *and not any other way.*

Who defied the Scripture? Who forged a new doctrine which puts a Calvary in every Catholic church, crucifies Christ upon every altar, elevates hundreds of thousands of dead Saviors every Sabbath, and commands a million Catholics to go down upon their knees, *and swallow their God?*

The Pagans of antiquity originated the altars and the sacrifices. Heathenism reeked with the blood of priest-butchered animals, and with "savor" of roasting flesh, supposed to be particularly grateful to hungry deities, and really most gratifying to greedy priests.

The bullock, the kid, the fowl, and almost everything good to eat and to drink, were brought to the temple, for sacrifice to the heathen divinities—and secretly converted to the use of the priest and his "temple girls."

All of that was gross, material and growingly unbelievable. Then came the Man of Sorrows, the one Supreme Sacrifice, made for the sins of the world, *once, finally,* FOREVER!

After this "elevation of the Host," *on Calvary*, the question was, *Who will accept* THIS *way, for* HIS *way; and* THIS *sacrifice for* HIS *sacrifice; and give evidence of Faith, by baptism?*

Is it not so? Doesn't the Book state the case, simply, in that way?

If it doesn't, then I, for one, don't understand plain language.

If my mind is capable of at all comprehending New Testament Christianity, its essence is, a Finished Sacrifice, made by a voluntary substitute, whose action, authorized by the Father, is accepted by the Believer, who *thereby* expiates his own guilt, in the expiation of the Substitute.

It isn't a question of whether you subscribe to this doctrine, or not: the present question is, *What's the doctrine?*

You can recognize logic and symmetry in the doctrine, when you understand it to mean that a guilty world was given a chance to redeem itself, if it would acknowledge its guilt, sincerely repent, seek the forgiveness of an offended God, undergo a change of heart, and win a share in the Supreme expiatory sacrifice, *by faith in it*, and by being baptised, as its outward symbol.

But if something else was meant; if

something else is the doctrine; then we are all at sea.

For a thousand years after Christ, no such thing, as *a heathen revival of the daily sacrifice*, was heard of.

Think of it! A daily Calvary: a daily Crucifixion: a daily sacrifice of Jesus Christ; *and a daily eating and drinking of a Redeemer!*

Great God! We read of savages who devour certain portions of wild animals, killed in the chase, because they believe that, by eating this vital part, they will acquire the strength, the swiftness, or the cunning, possessed by these wild animals during their lives; but, in all of my reading of barbaric peoples and savage tribes—peoples and tribes that make their own gods out of clay, or stone, or wood, or strips of cloth—I have never come upon one single instance of where these heathen *ate and drank their own hand-made divinity.*

Yet, here in the blazing light of the 20th Century, the Head of the U. S. Army believes that his priest can, *and does*, create God out of pan-cake; and *Major-General Hugh L. Scott*, kneels reverently in the Catholic Church, at Washington, AND EATS JESUS CHRIST.

The Head of the U. S. Navy believes that the Roman priest can turn port-wine into Divine Blood; and *Admiral Benson*, kneeling reverently in the Washington Cathedral, *swallows Christ's flesh*, while "Monsignor" Russell—or some other petticoated impostor—pretends that he DRINKS THE SAVIOR'S BLOOD!

And to make the stupendous triumph of *Paganism's revived daily sacrifice* the more conspicuous, the President of the United States, the Supreme Court Justices, the Diplomatic Corps, Speaker Champ Clark, Senator Underwood, and other prostitute Protestants hike to the Cathedral, *in obedience to papal summons*, and bow down in reverence, *while Paganism celebrates its insolent victory over Christianity!*

In the play of politics, under the Roman Emperors, there came a time when an aspirant to the purple saw his own advantage in catering to the Christian sect—just as, in our own time, we have seen candidates for office cater to the Irish vote, the German vote, the Prohibition vote, etc.

Constantine was one of the four ambitious generals who wanted to become Emperor, and he catered to the Christian vote.

After many years of bloody struggle, he won, largely because of the united Christian support. Was *he* a Christian? Not at all. On the contrary, he held the same title and exercised the same sacerdotal authority now wielded by Pope Benedict XV.

Constantine was Pope of the Pagan Church, and remained so all his life.

His official title, in Rome's religious system, was, *Pontifex Maximus*, the same as the title of Benedict XV., the present Pagan Pope.

Constantine never abolished his own church, but maintained it, to the last.

After he had murdered his nephews, his son, and his wife, and was about to die, he consented for the priests to put a white gown on him, and moisten his head; but he never gave over being Paganism's Pope.

The successors of Constantine fell, more and more, under the influence of the Christian bishops, and began to enrich the Church with lands, palaces, gold, jewels, *and privileges.*

Soon came persecution. The Emperors, who were still holding the office of Pagan Popes, consented to cut off those Christians who differed from the "orthodox;" and the Empire was drenched with the blood of Arian Christians shed by Athanasian Christians.

Law after law, drove the Roman pagans into the Christian church; and at length the time came when there wasn't room enough in the Empire for both Paganism and Christianity.

Paganism was destroyed, so far as statutory words could do it; the Pagan temples were confiscated; and the office of *Pontifex Maximus* abolished.

Then the world beheld a marvellous

thing! The Pagans sat up their beloved altars within their time-honored temples, for the Bishops had appropriated the buildings, and had purified them to Christian uses by sprinkling the walls with salted water. The Pagans brought to these salt-watered temples, converted into Cathedrals, their lamps, their candles, their incense, their images, their idols, and the very regalia which had been worn in worshipping Jupiter, Juno, Mars, Venus, Apollo, and Minerva.

The seat of Empire having been transferred to Constantinople, the City of Rome was left without any visible embodiment of Authority more imposing than the Bishop.

The Bishop was quick to see his opportunity. He seized upon it, and made the most of it. He claimed more and more power, accumulated more and more wealth, usurped more and more ascendancy over other Christian bishops.

Largely on account of the prestige of Rome, the Eternal City, its Bishop was looked up to by the village prelates throughout the Western world. Gradually, the Church of Rome exerted a primacy over all Western churches.

Then, in the year 606 after Christ, another political deal was made, between prelate and politician; and the crime-stained usurper, Phocas, who was briefly Emperor, granted to the Bishop of Rome the obsolete Pagan title of *Pontifex Maximus*.

Any of the larger histories of Rome will give you the facts, about which there can be no dispute.

Thus, *it was Six hundred years after Christ, before any Christian bishop bargained for the Pagan title which Pope Benedict XV. now wears.*

The heathen title and office which Boniface bought from the Emperor Phocas, has descended—amid all sorts of crimes, wars, and horrors—to the present incumbent of the Papacy.

Even after this bargain between Bishop and Emperor, the Pope of Rome continued to be *elected by all the members of the church*, just as Baptists elect a Pastor.

Inevitably, however, the principle of *centralization* operated. First, the lay members of the church were disfranchised. But the Popes continued to be elected by priests of all degrees. The wheel gave another turn, and the lesser priests dropped out. Then, none but the higher prelates could vote; and, at length, came the time when, the bishops and archbishops were disfranchised; and the Italian Secret Society perfected itself in the so-called "College of Cardinals," in exact imitation of the Pagan Curia.

The Pope secured for himself the appointing of the Cardinals, WHO APPOINT THE POPE; and, so, the Italian Society became a self-making, self-continuing, and self-controlling Despotism.

It made its own laws; had its own courts, independent of those of the State: its diplomats took precedence of royal envoys; and its taxes were levied in every kingdom, payable to the Pope of Rome.

It laid down the law to kings; made war and peace, at will; claimed and exercised a monopoly of education; tyranized over Literature, and classed scientific research as a capital crime.

It debated whether Woman had a soul, and stigmatized her as the unclean vessel through which Sin had entered the world.

It obliterated her as a member of civil society, recognizing her existence merely as the slave of marriage and the furniture of the convent-seraglio.

It helped to enslave the peasant, deepen the degradation of the serf, and to imbue the souls of the oppressed with the idea that Power was Divine, all authority from God; and that the moans and struggles of suffering humanity, aspiring to better conditions, were impieties inspired by the Devil.

Out of this murk of ignorance, superstition, serfdom, poverty, and widespread helplessness arose THE PAPAL

MONARCHY, the most baleful apparition that ever terrified the human race.

When I reflect upon its Italian organization: its use of Christ's name to sanctify every crime, and to rivet every chain; its devilish Inquisition, its bloody Dominics, Montfords, Alvas, Tillys, Ferdinands, Bourbons, and Valois, I am lost in wonder and awed admiration of *the pioneer Martyrs and Heroes*, who arose from obscure conformity and safety, into glorious fame and deadly peril, *to fight this* MONSTER FROM HELL!

At the Council of Trent, which began in 1543 and sat from time to time until 1564, *the Papal Monarchy codified its laws.*

That Code has not been materially changed; and it is, today, *the Supreme Law of Roman Catholics.*

This Catholic Code was proclaimed in this country in the year 1908. *Why not,* BEFORE? *Because the Catholics had not grown strong enough.*

The pope considered himself sufficiently strong, in 1908; and, therefore, he promulgated his own Code, and Catholic priests were officially notified to enforce it. They at once obeyed the foreign potentate, *whose oath-bound subjects they are.*

They began to ruthlessly enforce the Law of Trent on the subject of marriage, and to insolently defy American laws, saying that none but the Church of Rome can validly marry Christians.

Your dead mother, and mine, lie in the graves of "legalized prostitutes," according to the laws of the Pagan Papal Monarchy.

Your lawfully wedded wife, and mine, are not wives at all, but concubines, according to the law of this Pagan Papal Monarchy.

They have enforced those damnable laws throughout the Union, since their introduction in 1908.

They have enforced the papal law that *the priests of Rome are above the Civil law.*

They have also declared that secular schools, free press, and free speech are all wrong, and must be abandoned.

In short, the Papal Monarchy has been set up, in these United States, and has declared open war upon *our* democratic principles, laws, institutions, and form of government.

To strengthen the Papal Monarchy, they have organized military secret societies, drilled them for actual fighting, built fortress-armories for them, and filled these papal fortresses with military munitions.

To insure the stability of Pope-rule in America, they have mobbed Protestant speakers, rioted against Protestant meetings, and foully murdered Protestant propagandists.

They have so terrorized the daily press, that not a single paper will even *advertise* anti-Papal books.

They have so terrorized the great publishing houses and book-stores, that almost none of them will touch anti-Papal publications.

They have done their work so artfully that, in those sections which Catholics dominate, it is now almost too late to combat them; while, in those sections which Protestants dominate, it is almost impossible to awaken the people to the coming danger.

In Massachusetts, New Jersey, Colorado, and California, the priests stir up their God-eating roughs and thugs, with the result that riots, mobs, kidnappings, and attempted murders intimidate Protestant speakers; while, into Protestant States, like Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida, they send Catholic speakers, such as Pete Collins and Joe Scott and Lewis Goldstein, for the purpose of convincing the Protestant slumberers that there is no occasion for ceasing to sleep.

And the most amazing feature of the whole maddening situation is, that Protestant Mayors *like him of Richmond, Virginia,* will side with the Papal Monarchy, and deny to Protestant lecturers the right to tell the truth on Romanism.

There is a series of books issued under the name of "The Story of the Nations." The finest English scholars

were employed to prepare these volumes. The American publishers are G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City. One of the series bears the title of "THE PAPAL MONARCHY."

This work is quite as favorable to the Papacy as any half-honest author could make it; and, if you should read it, remember that nearly every writer of the 19th Century seemed to be hypnotized by the belief that Romanism was a by-gone peril, and that those who had read of its destruction are rejoiced thereat, could well afford to write the epitaph with a charitable feeling toward the dead.

"The Papal Monarchy:" so it stood in history, *and so it stands*, NOW!

The Popes were kings, until 1870, and they were the wickedest kings that ever robbed and bestialized their subjects; but the Popes of our times are just as determined to again be kings as the Hildebrands, Gregorys, Bonifaces, Clements and Innocents were to establish the original Papal Monarchy.

Empires may perish, but the imperial principle is forever dreaming purple.

Kingdoms may give way to Republics, but the one-man principle forever hopes for crowns.

The downfall of the Papal Monarchy is a thing of Yesterday, to a corporation so subtly organized as the Italian group of oath-bound secret societies, whose *outward manifestation* is, the pious woman toddling to "Confession:" the devout man telling his beads; and hosts of children, dressed in white, parading the streets in a revived Pagan "procession," but whose *inward purpose* is, to hold the human race, from birth to burial, in the thralldom of a priesthood which never gets enough money, never enough power, never enough sensual enjoyment, and never hesitates at any crime in seeking to get more of what it wants.

To use the language of the schools, Rome has two meanings and two systems—one *exoteric*, and the other *esoteric*.

The one (exoteric) is for *the layman*, who believes in Christ and seeks nothing but *righteousness*, to the end that salvaion may be won.

The other (esoteric) is for *the clergy*, who do not believe in Christ at all, but merely use the magic of his name to rear thereby a vast Imposture, like the Pagan Sacerdotal Kingdoms of antiquity, in order that the Priest may usurp on earth *the place* of God, speak *the word* of God, and exact the same blindly abject obedience which mortals would pay to Christ himself, were he to return to earth.

Thus Roman Catholicism has an open and a secret doctrine, the one being Christian and deserving of all praise, while the other is Pagan, deserving of all censure.

In the open doctrine, we see lovely Catholic women, and noble Catholic men, consecrating themselves to good works.

In the secret doctrine, we see plotting conspirators, at work in the dark, planning the murder of Premier Canalejas, and Professor Ferrer, of Spain, because those two men were introducing beneficial reforms which threatened to decrease the riches and the power of the priesthood.

We see the same secret doctrine produce the foul plot which resulted in the overthrow of the Mexican Republic, and the dastardly assassination of the President and Vice-President, Madero and Suarez.

We see the same secret doctrine cause the murder of Dr. Jose Rizal, in the Philippines, in revenge for his having published the book called "The Eagle's Flight."

(After so long a time and much effort, I have secured a copy of that rare volume, *and I mean to re-publish it in this magazine.* THE MURDEROUS KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS *can take notice of that fact!*)

Yes, the Papal Monarchy was *physically* destroyed in 1870; but it yet lives in spirit.

Its Code of Laws remains, as the Council of Trent made it, 350 years ago.

Its State organization remains as it existed under Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli.

Its secret cipher, its secret service, its diplomatic servants, its military organizations, its embassies at all capitals, its spies in all departments—*they exist and they flourish.*

At Washington City, the Legation of the Papal Monarchy shows up as splendidly as does the Embassy of the German Kaiser; and the Papal Delegate, Bonzano, is as truly the political ambassador from the Papal Monarchy, as was John Bernstorff the ambassador of Germany.

There isn't a department of the Federal service that hasn't its Jesuit spy and informer; and if war comes with the Central Powers, they will know every secret of our Government before our own allies.

Once more I emphasize the fact, that it was not till 1908 that the Papal Monarchy felt strong enough in our country to proclaim Catholic laws that are held by that church to be superior to the Constitution of the United States, to the Constitutions of the States, and to the Codes of the Federal and State Governments.

But in 1908, the Pope published those Catholic laws, and demanded Catholic obedience. The priests began to enforce those foreign statutes, in violation of our own laws, and are still at it: and they propose to not only keep

The Evolution of a Negro Catholic Priest

"Father" Dorsey, of Louisiana, 1st view

Father Dorsey, 2nd view

at it, but to subvert our laws on Education, Divorce, Free Press, and Free Speech.

They are marshalling and organizing their forces, to compel the American System to give way to the Papal System.

If you are not blind, you can see the work going on.

If you are not deaf, you can hear the rumble of the inevitable storm.

If you are not dead to the Cause for which your Protestant ancestry fought and died, you'll prepare to fight, and, if need be, *die*, to preserve what your forefathers won.

FLAG CANNOT ENTER CHURCH.

Detroit, Mich., recently had a demonstration of the fact that the United States flag cannot enter a Roman Catholic church, even though it only be draped over the coffin containing the dead body of a soldier who in life was a devout member of that church.

Peter Jopeck, a member of the Kosciusko Guards, died in that city and his comrades of the State militia announced that his funeral would be held in St. Hedwig's church with full military honors. They soon discovered that they were mistaken—the Roman Catholic church is foreign territory, in a sense, and they could not even get the flag through the door of St. Hedwig's.

Then, while the coffin rested in a room at the home, draped in a silk United States

flag and with guns stacked so that the bayonets rested upon its folds, the military organization decided that the burial would be with military honors if it had to be without ministrations of the church.

Rome does not recognize the flag in her domain. The church must not be defiled by any emblems of authority other than those of Rome. Church does not recognize State, even in the death of the citizens of the State. THE CHURCH MUST BE SUPREME AND THE FLAG MAY TRAIL IN THE DUST FOR ALL ROME CARES.

Father Dorsey, 3rd view

Herewith you see three photographs of one of Rome's negro priests. Note how he has coarsened and grown more bestial, as the years went by.

But *he* can create the pan-cake God with as much ease as Cardinal Gibbons.

He has the same power of God to forgive sins.

He has the same authority to defile Catholic wives and daughters with the vile questions demanded by Rome's "Moral Theology."

The Rev. Alexander L. A. Klauder, of Malone, New York, is a Roman Catholic priest who sets forth a terrible case against the morals of the priesthood.

He did this in a magazine of which he is Editor and Manager, the name of it being, *The Church Protest*.

In consequence of his fearless telling of the truth on the Roman bachelorhood of God-makers, they have had Rev. Klauder indicted under the familiar and somewhat discredited charge of "sending obscene literature through the mails."

It doesn't at all matter how filthy and obscene and lascivious the Pope's bachelors may be, in their books, in their talks to women, and in their nasty lives—you must not tell on them. *Telling*, is the crime.

In order that you may understand why the Roman bishops are using the U. S. Courts in the effort *to silence* the Rev. Klauder, and to so frighten him that he will never tell any more tales out of school, I will repeat some of his "obscenity;" and, if the Roman gangs want to get after me again, they can do it.

In the November issue of *The Church Protest*, the charge is made that Bishops Gabriels and Conroy have given their official protection—accompanied by *promotion*—to priests whom they knew to be drunkards, swindlers, and libertines.

Of one of these protected and promoted bachelor God-makers, the Rev. Klauder says:

Now Father Dufresne is a well-known, dyed-in-the-wool, criminal priest. Having had his usual troubles at Evans Mills, the change to Mineville was an imperative one, all the merits of other priests notwithstanding. At Mineville where he remained for seven long years, despite all the scandals reported of him, and all the vigorous tests of parishioners and neighboring protests of parishioners and neighboring money-getting and money-spending, of wholesale and notorious swindling of every

class of creditors, that would have landed an ordinary citizen in State's prison. There he is charged also with the seduction of a young girl; followed with prosecution in the local court and a heavy damage to the girl's family. Having been induced to resign the parish of Mineville —for the Bishop never tries a criminal priest—he has since been substituting in several parishes of the Diocese, with advantages to himself superior to those of the regular pastors He has been free to drink, to rape and to rob to his heart's content with the odds of being simply transferred to another charge in substitution of some sick or absent pastor. No pastor would have him for a regular assistant. So the Bishop always finds him a handy substitute and a real pastoral care off his hands.

At Fort Covington, where he substituted for a while, he assaulted a young married woman, annoyed her with his frequent visits and lecherous attentions, and was constantly trying to fix dates with her.

At Ellenburg he annoyed another married woman, as well as her daughters, all handsome young women, until the father ordered him from the house. Seeing he could do nothing with this family, he denounced these people from the altar and tried to make them the laughing stock of the parish. As a result the father of this family refuses to go to church.

At Ellenburg also he carried on his money-making schemes and eluded as usual the rights of the trustees and people. He finally left there with his old reputation of leaving a helpless, pregnant girl behind him.

At Rouses Point where he substituted for a year or more for Father Saurel, he had the same reputation of being both a drunkard and a thief. He was prosecuted for non-payment of debts. I myself was consulted by the lawyer for the plaintiff. To protect the lawyer against the prejudice of ignorant Catholics, I advised putting the matter into the hands of Rev. Doctor Driscoll of Plattsburgh, who is in a position to tell very much more of the exploits of this criminal priest and signal protege of Bishop Gabriels.

To *do* all this obscenity, did not shock the Roman bishop in the least, but to publish it and mail it, harrowed his holiest feelings.

The priest who ruined Catholic girls and debauched Catholic wives, did not lose favor with his Reverend bishop, but the priest who uncovered the criminal, *did*.

That's Rome's way. Do anything you please, break all the Commandments, but don't "cause scandal."

Scandal, is the being found out.

When the Iberville God-maker, Holtgreeve, was indicted in 23 cases, for the crime of Sodom with his little altar-boys, he was spirited away, and it was not known what became of him, until a couple of years later, when the newspapers gave a glowing report of the magnificent funeral—High Mass, etc.—which had been given him, at his death in the Western city to which he had been secretly "transferred."

The "obscene" charges of the Rev Alexander Klauder continue as follows:

Father Michael Ambrose, pastor respectively of Alexandria Bay, Norwood, Keesville and Port Leyden, may be classed with the criminal insane. Transferred from one parish to another on account of his irregularities, sometimes pronounced as insane, at others to be of a criminal type, a drunkard and at all times dangerous, he has been the special favorite of Bishop Gabriels, who has waived every principle of canon law, of justice, conscience and decency, to protect this man. When compelled to remove him from Norwood he promoted him to the vacant parish of Keesville. It happened in this way. Among other crimes and irregular acts for which the parishioners at Norwood clamored for his removal, he assaulted a young married woman, subjected her to such violence in her efforts to escape from him, that she left him with her clothing torn to shreds. She swore out affidavits for his arrest with a well-known attorney of Norwood. Having been initiated shortly after into the order of the Knights of Columbus, under the auspices of Bishop Conroy, his brother knights, on the very night of his initiation, pledged themselves to his protection. At two o'clock in the morning these knights, Fathers Conroy, Devlin, Burns and Company, swore in the hearing of the writer, who was supposed to be sound asleep in an adjoining room, that they would stand by one another in the double character as priests and knights. After the breakfast of that same morning these priests accordingly went to the Bishop and implored him to forgive Father Ambrose and to appoint him to the vacant parish of Keesville Father Ambrose in the mean time paced up and down the writer's room in a nervous state of mind and expectation until the return of those priests from the Bishop's house, who assured him that the Bishop had acceded to their request.

THE PROTECTION AND PROMOTION OF FATHER NOLAN.

The history of Father Nolan's criminal career in the Diocese of Ogdensburg has been given in former numbers of this paper, as well as in our pamphlet THE UNDOING OF THE PRIEST, Part One, Second Edition. This man's long career of drunkenness, assaults, adultery, abortion, and even of imputed murder, was likewise long and well-known to Bishop Gabriels. But the knowledge this priest possessed of the dark crimes of those higher up and close to the Bishop himself, as well as his constant threats to expose the same; and his well-placed defiance of the Bishop and the latter's threatened punishment, kept him in his parish, despite his drunken, debauched and scandalous ministry. Bishop Gabriels knew during all this time what was going on, how people were being shocked out of their religion and left the Church, and yet he kept this man there in spite of all odds, damning and ruining souls form the very altar. It was only after a dozen men and more swore their vengeance and went up to the church, armed with revolvers, that the Bishop could be induced to remove this man, and then promoted him to Ticonderoga, one of the finest parishes of the Diocese; nothing more done or said about the whole affair. At Ticonderoga this infamous priest died without a word of reparation or regret, a victim to his debauchery, and was honored by the Bishop's own presence at the funeral and that of forty priests or more, with the loudest commendations of his pastoral zeal and priestly sanctity by his friend Doctor Driscoll, who defended his infamy in life and pronounced his eulogy in death.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF ANNA MACKAY

Anna Mackay was the housekeeper of one of the priests of Norwood not many years ago. At four o'clock in the afternoon, after a day's washing, she was hanging the pieces on the line At six o'clock of the same afternoon she was lying a corpse on her bed.

The physician was called in, but not being able to account for her sudden death, refused to give his certificate. The matter was at once reported to the local board of health. These men, after a consultation together, proceeded to the priest's house. They informed him that it would be necessary to hold a post-mortem examination. At this the pastor turned white, sank into a chair, the sweat pouring from his brows. "For God's sake, don't do that," he gasped, "it would break her mother's heart."

The members of the board of health then repaired to the home of the young housekeeper's family. There they repeated their intention of holding an autopsy. But the girl's parents, beside themselves with the awful shock and grief over the sudden death of their daughter, could not hear of such a gruesome performance and begged the board of health to desist from their designs. They were grief stricken enough and did not want any further sensation or possible scandalous notoriety. John, the eldest son, however, insisted on a full investigation of his sister's sudden and mysterious death. But he finally gave way to the wallings and pleadings of his family; but he has never practised the religion of his family since. Other members of the family also have left the Church in sorrow and disgust.

A local druggist has since confessed that he had sold more drugs for the prevention of child-birth to that priest than to any other customer.

Just before the corpse of this unfortunate girl was carried out of the house of her parents, the priest called the whole family into a room. What he said to them there seems to remain a matter of profound secrecy to this day.

Nearly every parish in which this priest has been, has its charges of crime against him. His dangerous outbreaks and paroxisms of anger, in which he will dash things to pieces and terrify his household and his parishioners, are well-known to the Bishop. Even the sexton had to have recourse to the Bishop against the actions and threats of this dangerous priest, and the writer himself has been called in to pacify him and protect those about him. Yet the Bishop did not have him arrested and committed to an asylum.

This priest has now one of the most beautiful and best-paying missions in the Diocese. He is left free to conduct his parish in an independent manner, wholly to his own liking and convenience. His main occupation consists in collecting money by every possible scheme, especially by travelling around the country, and in the cities; where he appeals to the generosity of his contributors through pitiful descriptions of the "poor missions of the Adirondacks." By these means he realizes handsome sums of money and an immense income. He is the absolute and independent manager of it. He has no trustees, no regular parish or corporation system and defies any interference in his affairs. He makes his payments and reports to the Bishop when and as he chooses.

The Bishop has not held a visitation in his parish for twelve years, although the law of the Church requires the Bishop's personal visitation and thorough inspection of the parishes and missions every three years. When some men of this mission went to Ogdensburg to see the Bishop and demand the appointment of trustees and the management of the parish as by law,

the Bishop dismissed them unceremoniously, saying the Father's sexton was trustee enough.

This priest has discarded his rectory and has purchased a lot elsewhere, where he has built himself a handsome residence; where he lives in manorial style, enjoying every comfort and luxury. This property he has deeded to his housekeeper, whom he makes the custodian of his wealth and general manager of his temporal affairs. He has acquired a fortune for himself and his household and lives a life of ease and pleasure. He has little church service, practically none during the week, and only such on Sundays as suit his convenience and his financial interests. Like most priests of the Diocese, contrary to the laws of the Church, he takes up the collections himself, and through a tyrannical power over his helpless people always secures large contributions.

Thus is the criminal priest in this Diocese protected, honored and rewarded by Bishop Gabriels; whilst the writer, whose main faults were, in the estimation of his friends, his too great honesty, sincerity and zeal; is thrown out of the ministry altogether and reduced to beggary and ruin.

A bishop who with full knowledge and deliberation, will place a criminal, dangerous and degenerate priest over an ignorant and confiding parish, over innocent and unsuspecting boys and girls, is himself the most dangerous citizen of all; is a base betrayer of his man-and-God-given trust; is a destroyer of bodies and souls; and, if he is amendable to the public laws and responsible to a divine judgment, then no prison bars are too thick for him, no dungeon too loathsome, and no furnace in hell too hot for him. And such men are, indeed, the leaders of our nation. They are by far the most powerful and influential of our citizens, who lead our very President by the nose, defy and cowe our courts, and make justice and our free American institutions a mockery and a snare. Such bishops—and there are only too many of them—are a menace to our nation.

CLERICAL DRONES, DRUNKARDS AND DEBAUCHEES.

One would scarcely believe how many priests there are in the Diocese of Ogdensburg who do nothing but lead lives of abject idleness, drunkenness and debauchery. They are well-housed, well-fed and well-paid; fat and contented under the august regime of Bishop Gabriels, their prototype, patron and protector. They are as safe and solidly established in their charges, although they do nothing but rob and enrich themselves, as the Bishop himself. They have the gall, the money, the hypocrisy, the flattery, and all that goes for wordly success in the ministry and for the solid favor and protection of the Bishop.

But what is almost inconceivable is the patience and forbearance of the people and the public with these clerical scaraboons and scoundrels of society It is only another proof of the charge of non-Catholics, and particularly of anti-Catholics, of the gross ignorance and superstition of Catholics, and of the craven and cowardly attitude of the gullible public.

Book Reviews

PILLARS OF SMOKE—A story, "intense as Jane Eyre," of the love of an American woman and a priest of the Roman Church.

"I will say no more than a man might say
Whose whole life's love goes down in a day."

These lines might well stand alone as a description of this book, which is the simple, straightforward record of a woman's whole-souled love for a man who while returning her love, has not the courage to claim it. That this man should be a priest of the Roman Church and therefore vowed to celibacy, does not lessen the tragedy or beauty of the heroine's devotion. The book stands as a vigorous protest against the narrowness of a system in which the human emotions are allowed no part.

It is a story strong and outspoken. It reveals as few books have ever done, what love may be.—How it is the cruel as well as the tender passion, how it may include everything, and how when it is done, darkness may come on earth.

It is for the fulfillment of such a love that the herione of the story pleads. If at times her words are unrestrained, it is because prompted by a force stronger than her own. What she writes is a tale of passion which no one will wish to pass by—a book which everyone will be the better for reading.

Opinions.

The story of a struggle between the open, philosophical, nineteenth century mind of the woman and the form-ridden, acquiescent, mediaeval mind of the man . . . told with passionate sincerity and fervor of truth.—Book News.

The book is human. It lays bare a human heart.—Boston Transcript.

In exquisite English, Katherine Peshconet pours forth her love. . . . So intense, so virile are her words that we feel she is expending her life in their expression.—Baltimore News.

It has a pitiful pathos and a power to touch the emotions.—Detroit Free Press.

An intellectual treat to the reader in search of novelty.—Albany Argus.

There can be no doubt of its moving influence and power.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"VOICES IN THE QUIET HOUR;" By Miss Annie Denman. Price 25c.

The author of these poems is a Southern girl, nineteen years old, blind from her birth; she is being educated in the Mississippi Institute for the Blind. She is paying her own way by what she earns with her pen, particularly by the sale of this little book.

Any mail addressed to Miss Denman, in care of the Institute for the Blind at Jackson, Miss., will reach her in due course.

The subjects of these poems indicate a wide range of feeling and reflection; this is indicated by the titles, such as:

"Every Day is a Little Life;" "Midsummer;" "A Hungry Soul;" "A Friend of Used to Be;" "His Iead;" "Idleness;" "The Little Things;" "A Christmas Vision;" "The Girl I Mean to Be;" "The Birth of the Flowers;" "Shelley After Death;" "Blighted Plans;" "The Winter Rain;" "After Graduation—What?"

A perusal of these poems will convince the reader that the blind girl who composed them is a rare spirit—pure, refined and lofty.

Many of the conceptions are delightfully original. It is hardly too much to say that many of these productions are gems. There are only two stanzas to "Every Day is a Little Life," but these two stanzas complete the subject—the little poem is rounded off into perfect symmetry.

The same tribute is due to the beautiful lines written on "His Ideal."

On a different line entirely, but original and enjoyable, are the stanzas entitled, "I Wonder What the Girls Will Say?"

The greatest of literary masters have well-nigh exhausted thought and expression in praising the library of books; those silent friends that we select from the infinite multitudes of the past, and who, at our summons, walk down the long path of life with us. Miss Denman has a poem on "My Books," and a very charming poem it is, proving that the new mind can nearly always throw new light on an old subject.

Because of its absolute originality and the many thoughts which it stirs, my favorite poem of the collection is "After Graduation—What?" That time is, I think, the one tremendously exciting and important that comes to every youth on leaving school—whether graduation or not.

The question is, in one sense, the old riddle of the Sphinx—give the wrong answer, and the road before you leads on to whatever measure of wordly success the Almighty intended you should have.

It seems to me a remarkable evidence of this young woman's maturity of thought and far-mental vision, that one of her poems should have been upon this subject.

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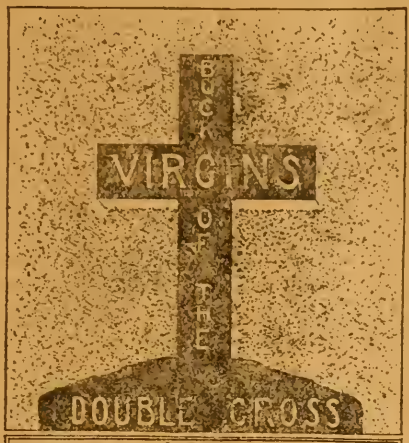

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Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron.

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless."

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